WORLD SOCCER

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

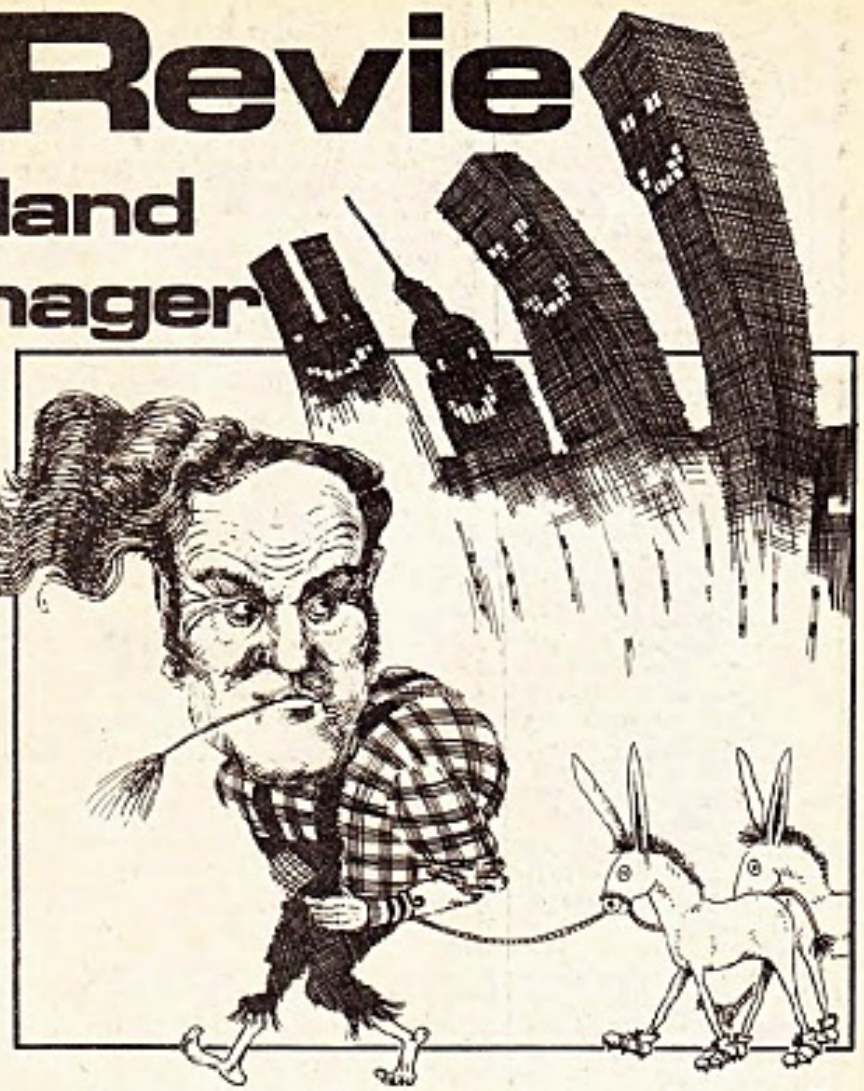
45p

APRIL 1976

CEMIL Fenerbahce & Turkey

World SOCCER

Don Revie —the England team manager talks to LESLIE VERNON



"Dep for t' Bicentennial Coop!!"

'We play too many closely fought... important matches. Results are vital'

MY FIRST recollection of Don Revie is seeing a picture of him propped-up in a hospital bed, listening to the broadcast of an FA Cup Final he should have played in for Leicester. This was a typical "human interest" cliché photograph of the fair-haired injury-stricken athlete smiling bravely in the face of misfortune.

I remember feeling genuinely sorry for Revie, partly for selfish reasons, because his absence deprived me of watching a supremely gifted footballer in action. He later compensated us all, when in the colours of Manchester City, he did a "Hidegkuti", and had the distinction of making the "Revie-plan" an integral tactical concept of the English game.

From the "withdrawn centre-forward" there was a natural development towards progressive coaching ideas, and Revie grabbed the opportunity with Leeds United.

Tribulations

The trials and tribulations, the triumphs and the disappointments of his reign there have been recorded countless times. Suffice to say that Revie was elected "Manager of the Year" three times in four years, and created a footballing side with a unique style of its own.

Don Revie is an enigmatic personality. Although a deeply religious man, he once employed the services of a gypsy "miracle worker" to remove an alleged curse from the Elland Road ground. Hedging his bets on both sides of the football coin, he would swear by players like Norman Hunter, and swoon over the class and grace of an Eddie Gray or an Allan Clarke.

When at a recent SWA dinner, the quixotic doyen of football writers, Geoffrey Green, asked him, who is the first player he would pick for a mythical encounter between the "World" and the planet Mars, Revie answered: "John Charles"!

● Continued overleaf

Don Revie interview by Leslie Vernon

NEED FOR FULL TIME MANAGER EXISTS . . .

● Continued from previous page

A very interesting choice, which to me typified the England manager's attitude to football. No doubt, Charles was a tremendous player, a brilliant all-rounder, a great goal-scorer and a stout defender. His build gave him physical authority, his football was imaginative to a point, but basically functional in its perfect economy.

Still, Revie preferred him to the genius of Di Stefano, the breathtaking but less consistent brilliance of Pele or even to Matthews, who hardly ever deserted his touchline beat to search for the ball — but when someone gave him this "object", he performed wonders with it.

Don Revie shares his working life between his offices in Leeds and London, travels extensively to watch players, and his telephone bill must be a significant item on the GPO's annual budget. I talked to him practically on the eve of an international season, in which he must find a settled side for the vital World Cup Qualifying programme.

"How would you summarise your stint as England manager so far?"

"Personally, I miss the day-to-day involvement with players, but I do not regret taking the job. I feel that we have been reasonably successful, we only lost one match out of eleven on full, senior level.

Main target

But that was the match against Czechoslovakia in the European Championship, and it cost us qualification for the quarter-finals. You have to win matches that matter — otherwise the balance sheet goes against you. I must add, however, that I said all along that our main target is the World Cup 1978. During the past 18 months, I have been looking for players who can form the nucleus of a settled side.

Now, I am near to this target, and the team which will play Finland in June in our first World Cup match will be our strongest national eleven — the team which should take us into the Finals."

"Do you think that there is need for a full-time national team manager?"

"Of course. Name me one major footballing country which hasn't got one. I work just as hard now as I did when I was with Leeds. One has to travel a great deal, watch players, talk to managers."

"When you talk to club managers, do you ever suggest tactics, such as the sweeper-system or ask them to utilise players in certain positions?"

"Never. I know that in some countries they have an FA run "think-tank" of coaches, who send out directives to the clubs. This idea wouldn't work in England. When I was at Leeds, I would have resented any kind of interference, so how could I ask, for instance, Bobby Robson to play Kevin Beattie at left full-back, because it would increase the player's chance to be included in the England team? Both Robson and Beattie are employed by Ipswich FC; their first loyalty must be to serve their club."

"How do you answer those critics who say that you do not pick creative players?"

"Too many footballers talk a marvellous game — they boast on TV or in the papers, but when it comes to actual performance, they can't deliver. It is not enough to play for two minutes and disappear for 88 — football in this country is a 90 minutes' game!

I wish players would stop talking and concentrate on improving their game instead. However, I can now see that for at least five years or so I was wrong — that to tell forwards not to dribble and risk losing the ball but to retain possession may eventually limit their imagination.

The current switch back towards attacking play at professional level will take time to have its effect on the schools, on schoolmasters, and coaches at that level. The outstanding players of the past, such as Matthews and Finney were not coached. They learned their skills by constant practice in the streets and playgrounds and parks. The problem today is that there are so many distractions for youngsters."

"Is our system of football (style, fixtures) a handicap or an advantage to the national team?"

"Everything is against it. We play too many closely fought important matches. Results are vital. You say that this is often unfair. I accept that, but you have to live with it, not only here, but everywhere else as well. Managers get the sack in Italy, Lagos or wherever if their teams keep on losing, no matter how artistically they might play. Finances are vital.

That is why our season is too long. The pace, the pressure are tremendous. No wonder that teams resort to basic tactics, such as flinging high balls into the penalty box, and hoping for a lucky bounce. Our crowds have too little patience. They do not

England team-manager Don Revie with Tony Towers (left), Alan Hudson (centre) and Gerry Francis.

fully appreciate the type of skilful football QPR, West Ham, Leeds and a few others attempt to play.

When I was a player, we enjoyed the games more, there was a more carefree atmosphere, results weren't quite so significant for the survival of a club or to keep someone in a job."

"Do you think there is too much tactical planning which kills the incentive and stifles individualism in English football?"

"You cannot have too much planning. It is essential to work on set pieces, such as free-kicks, corner-kicks, marking of opposing players. Within this framework, players can still express themselves. For instance, I would like to introduce man-to-man marking into our defence, but this needs a lot of practice in training sessions.

To improve our ball control and finishing are other priorities. Goal-scorers are born. You can't manufacture a Jimmy Greaves, but hard work helps the lesser players to become more confident."

"Would you like to see foreign players attached to our clubs?"

"Not really, because they would narrow the number of players available for England. But it wouldn't surprise me if in the near future, many of our top players would try their luck abroad. In a few other countries, they seem to be able to afford to pay much higher wages, and the taxation situation is also better. But if a player left this country, he would still be considered for the national team."

"What are your aims for the immediate future?"

"I hope to create the right understanding and team spirit in a well-established side. The Home Internationals and the tournament in the USA will be ideal preparation for the Finland match. The Finns mustn't be underestimated. They drew with Italy recently, and nowadays, any side is capable of providing a few puzzles for the best of teams.

Clear days

From next season onwards, we shall have seven clear days to prepare for internationals.

I shall call in the players on a Thursday. We'll train on Friday and Saturday and have a practice match against an amateur side on the Sunday. By the following Wednesday we'll be ready to tackle anyone. Compared with what Sir Alf Ramsey, who did a magnificent job, had, and what I have had until now, this is ideal preparation."

"Would you like to see any reforms?"

"The standard of refereeing must be improved. I would like to see a new system, where three referees would be nominated for big games, and a toss-up half-an-hour before the kick-off would decide the identity of the man in the middle. This would remove the temptation to put pressure on the officials before a match.

Certain events in the recent past have left a nasty smell of possible corruption. This is a tragedy, not only for the innocent club involved, but also for football itself. Otherwise, the future of the game is rosy. More and more coaches are converted into thinking positively. Attacking football has become fashionable once again, and I am convinced that this is what the public wants. You say that we have no world class players in this country, no crowd-pullers.

I would not accept that for a moment. I have several world class players in the England squad, and there are the Scots, the Irish and the Welsh. Other countries are also short of crowd-pullers. A Cruyff might put a few thousand people on the gate, but who else? We mustn't sell ourselves short, our football is still of a very high quality, and it will get even better!"

World Soccer newsdesk... World Soccer news

Aussie crowd riots

SPECTATORS PROVIDED as much action as players in Australia's match against Yugoslav club, Velez Mostar. One man ran on the pitch with a burning flag.

Velez went two up through Kuvesic but second half goals by Ollerton and Barnes saved Australian face in front of 17,000 fans at Sydney. In worse scenes at Melbourne rioting led to the referee abandoning the Yugoslav's game against Victoria.

In Auckland, the Socceroos gained their first win against New Zealand in New Zealand for eighteen years. A single goal by midfield player, Harding, decided the outcome. A return match in Melbourne is scheduled for March.

In another workout in Sydney, Australia beat Papua New Guinea 6-1. The Niuginians toured Australia in preparation for their Olympic qualifying matches. They beat Central New South Wales 8-2 in Lithgow, but lost 1-5 to Sydney Marconi.

At club level, top Queensland and New South Wales sides have applied to compete in a National League due to get under way in 1977. They include Lions and United of Brisbane, Hakoah, Marconi and Olympic of Sydney, St. George-Budapest and Wollongong.

The major award winners at the Professional Footballers' Association dinner in London . . . Player of the Year Pat Jennings (left) and Young Player of the Year Peter Barnes.

79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS - LONDON EC4
Telephone: 01-353 5688
Editor PHILIP RISING
APRIL WORLD SOCCER
VOL. 16 No. 5
FRONT COVER PICTURE:
Mario Marinho of Brazil and Barcelona

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

WORLD SOCCER (incorporating SOCCER STAR) is published monthly by Websters Publications Ltd., 79 Temple Chambers, London, EC4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Chesham Press Ltd., Chesham, Buckinghamshire. © Websters Publications Ltd. Registered at the Post Office as a newspaper.

REAL CREEP AHEAD

WITH ATLETICO losing at Gijon and then in Barcelona, Real Madrid creep one point ahead in the title race. Santillana hit two goals against Betis to show a welcome return to form, but Roberto Martinez still hasn't settled down after the traumas over his true nationality.

Miljan Miljanic is staying in Madrid for two more years. He's signed a new contract to take effect from this summer and effectively put an end to rumours that he would be taking over the Yugoslav World Cup effort.

Real Sociedad de San Sebastian have a new manager. He's Jose Antonio Irulegui, who took after the sudden, surprise resignation of Andoni Elizondo. Irulegui, born on March 13, 1937, played for San Sebastian in the late fifties at right back and won one B international cap, against Italy.

A name from the past — Jorge Griffa, Atletico stopper in the early sixties is now making a name for himself coaching the Argentinian junior teams. They'll make pretty uncompromising opponents if they take after their master...

Gijon are once more in danger of the drop and if they do go down there will be quite a rush to persuade them to part at last with international centre forward Quini. He's top of the first division scorers at the moment with 14 goals.

Jose Angel Iribar, Bilbao's international goalkeeper, has had plenty of trouble with illness and injury over the past year since setting a new caps record (47). He's not quite the player he was now, either — dropping a centre against Atletico Madrid to give away a simple goal. Perhaps he's worried about the challenge from the brilliant Sevilla star, the man everyone calls SuperPaco.

Valencia, under new president Jose Ramos, are leaving no stone unturned in their search for a new coach. The short-list includes: Rinus Michels, Milorad Pavic and Alfredo di Stefano — sacked two years ago after taking them to the title. One of the incentives: a new 120,000-capacity stadium planned by the city council.

Hold magic

GOZTEPE, MANAGED by Oscar Hold, eliminated the league leaders Fenerbahçe from the Turkish Cup.

But at the very beginning of the soccer season, Fenerbahçe defeated Göztepe in Istanbul by a record score of 7-0, establishing themselves as the highest scoring team of this season.

Izmir is one of the most beautiful cities of the Eagean Sea region. With miles of glittering beaches, the people of the ancient city are also proud of their team Göztepe.

About ten years ago, Oscar Hold was in Istanbul training Fenerbahçe. After three years in Turkey he went to Saudi Arabia. Then, this season Hold came to train Göztepe. He found the team in a hopeless situation. The players were young but had no experience. He selected the talented players and established discipline. But he said that everything was very difficult at the beginning.

Göztepe recovered in a month's time. But they were not fit enough to win the league championship. His second aim, was the technical and tactical preparation of the squad. Because he had not enough time to clear every problem in the team, he remained in the staff as a trainer. But later on, when they reached the quarter-finals of the Cup, Göztepe Directors appointed Oscar Hold as a manager.

Their aim is now to win the Cup. Fenerbahçe was the most formidable team to beat. (In Turkey during the Cup ties, home and away games are played only if the teams are from different cities).

Göztepe held Fenerbahçe with a 1-1 score in Istanbul. At Izmir 70,000 people watched Göztepe defeat Fenerbahçe 2-1.

After the game the Press quoted that "It was the first time in 10 years that Fenerbahçe had been eliminated from the quarter finals of the Cup. It was the magic of Oscar Hold."

League Tables

ENGLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Queen's PR	36	19	11	6	54	26	49
Manchester Utd.	35	19	10	6	59	35	48
Liverpool	35	17	13	5	51	27	47
Derby	35	19	9	7	58	43	47
Leeds	34	17	8	9	54	37	42
Manchester C.	33	14	10	9	54	30	38
Middlesbrough	35	13	10	12	37	32	36
Ipswich	33	11	14	8	40	34	36
Tottenham	36	11	14	11	51	56	36
Leicester	35	10	16	9	38	44	36
Stoke	33	13	8	12	41	39	34
West Ham	36	13	8	15	44	59	34
Arsenal	35	12	9	14	42	40	33
Everton	34	11	11	12	49	59	33
Newcastle	33	12	8	13	58	48	32
Coventry	35	10	12	13	37	47	32
Norwich	34	11	9	14	49	52	31
Aston Villa	35	9	13	13	43	52	31
Birmingham	34	10	6	18	45	61	26
Wolverhampton	35	8	8	19	40	58	24
Burnley	36	7	10	19	39	58	24
Sheffield Utd.	35	2	9	24	24	70	13

YUGOSLAVIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Partizan	20	12	6	2	33	13	30
Red Star	20	12	5	3	39	14	29
Hajduk	20	10	7	3	29	13	27
Dinamo	20	11	4	5	20	12	26
Velez	20	7	8	5	23	18	22
Celik	20	6	9	5	15	12	21
Vojvodina	20	6	9	5	20	29	21
Olimpija	20	7	6	7	23	22	20
Borac	20	6	8	6	22	22	20
OFK Belgrad	20	8	3	9	23	31	19
Rijeka	20	5	7	9	18	23	17
Buducnost	20	6	5	9	14	23	17
Sarajevo	20	6	4	10	27	33	16
Sloboda	20	5	6	9	18	24	16
Radnicki Nis	20	3	10	7	11	20	16
Zeljeznicar	20	6	4	10	18	29	16
Vardar	20	4	6	10	15	25	14
Radn. Kragujevac	20	5	3	12	16	30	13

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
FC Bruges	28	17	6	5	59	26	40
Lokeren	28	16	3	9	50	29	35
Anderlecht	27	14	6	7	49	32	34
RWD Molenbeek	27	13	8	6	44	23	34
Beveren-Waas	28	11	12	5	29	14	34
Lierse SK	27	13	6	8	51	34	32
SV Waregem	28	11	10	7	46	31	32
Standard	27	12	7	8	40	32	31
Beerschot	27	11	8	8	44	43	30
Antwerp	28	10	10	8	30	36	30
Liege	27	9	9	9	44	44	27
CS Bruges	28	7	12	9	35	39	26
AS Ostende	27	8	9	10	32	41	25
KV Mechelen	28	8	8	12	35	43	24
Beringen	28	6	8	14	21	44	20
La Louvière	27	4	12	11	28	46	20
SC Charleroi	27	6	7	14	34	48	19
Berchem Sport	28	3	10	15	19	48	16
Racing Mechelen	27	4	5	18	15	52	13

SCOTLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Celtic	27	18	4	5	57	30	40
Rangers	27	17	5	5	46	22	39
Hibernian	27	14	6	7	45	30	34
Motherwell	27	13	7	7	47	34	33
Aberdeen	28	10	7	11	42	39	27
Dundee	28	9	7	12	42	50	25
Hearts	28	8	8	12	29	41	24
Dundee United	26	8	6	12	34	38	22
Ayr United	27	9	4	14	32	47	22
St. Johnstone	27	2	2	23	25	68	6

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Austria/WAC	22	12	8	2	50	13	32
SW Innsbruck	22	13	6	3	47	21	32
Rapid	22	11	5	6	31	19	27
Austria Salzburg	22	7	8	7	26	34	22
Admira/Wacker	22	7	7	8	31	31	21
VOeEST Linz	22	6	9	7	25	27	21
Sturm Graz	22	6	7	9	25	29	19
Grazer AK	22	5	7	10	20	41	17
Austria Klagenfurt	22	4	7	11	15	37	15
Linzer ASK	22	3	8	11	23	41	14

More tables on page 50

A FOREIGN AFFAIR

Continued from last month . . .

The National Professional Soccer League, though outlawed by the U.S.S.F.A. and F.I.F.A. was ready to commence operations in 1967. Many players of dubious quality had been imported to stock the various teams. "A Foreign Affair" is taken from *Nice Guys Finish Last* (Allen Lane) by Paul Gardner.

AS OPENING day neared, the Pittsburgh Phantoms appeared, on paper, which was the only way to judge as yet, to have built up the strongest team. Their most likely rivals were the California Clippers, who had hired a Yugoslavian coach who, in turn, had successfully lured nine players from that country. It was rumoured that some of them had jumped their contracts, and had left Yugoslavia under false names. The Yugoslavian Football Association had issued a harsh statement that any Yugoslav who agreed to play in the N.P.S.L. would be banned from soccer in Yugoslavia — for life.

On 16 April 1967, after a variety of opening-day ceremonies with personalities kicking out the first ball — it was the Governor of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, and the film actress Julie Christie in Oakland — all ten N.P.S.L. teams took the field. It was an apprehensive moment for the owners, who would now get some indication of whether all their money and effort was going to be rewarded. It was neither the worst of days, nor the best of days. The five games attracted a total of 45,000 spectators, or 9,000 per game. The biggest success was in Philadelphia, where the Spartans had stiff competition from major-league baseball and basketball games, both being played in the city the same afternoon. The Spartans drew 14,000 people — more than either of the other sports could manage. The smallest crowd was 4,725 in Chicago, where it was claimed that a tornado warning had kept the crowd down. But an average of 9,000 fans a game was inconclusive — it proved neither the optimists nor the pessimists to be right. One thing was agreed, though: it was a historic occasion. As the television commentator put it: "You'll be able to tell your grandchildren, you were there when they brought major-league soccer to the United States."

As the season progressed, two further things became clear. The crowds were not getting any bigger, and all the advance talk of top-class soccer had been just that — talk. The standard was usually around the English third-division level, with occasional flashes of something better. In the U.S.A.'s mini-league of foreign teams — all of which now dropped their real names and assumed the names of their adopted cities — there was not one that could truly be called a top team.

The result of this league situation was that soccer was not coming through in a clear straight-forward way to potential fans. They were confused — said the promoters — by never knowing which league was which, and what the difference between them was. No doubt some of them were left wondering whether it mattered that much anyway.

One clear difference was television. The N.P.S.L. had a contract with C.B.S., the U.S.A. had nothing. One hundred years behind the rest of the world in most soccer matters, the United States overtook everybody in a twinkling when it came to electronics. They presented for the first time anywhere, a complete season of soccer televised live and in colour.

Every Sunday afternoon, the soccer telecast competed for viewers with baseball on other channels, and it came off surprisingly well with 4.8 million viewers for each game. Here was a perfect opportunity for American know-how to make itself felt, and C.B.S. took it. It covered each game with six cameras, including one used for video-taping only goalmouth action for instant replay use. The commentators were Jack Whitaker, an American with a wide experience in sports broadcasting, and Danny Blanchflower, the former Irish international player. But it seemed that at every point that soccer came into contact with the American way, there was friction. C.B.S. was paying the N.P.S.L. some $500,000 for the rights to televise the games. The money, of course, was to be recouped by selling advertising time during the transmissions.

Feature

The trouble was, *when* during the transmissions? One of the big selling points of the sport, something that it was felt would attract Americans, was its non-stop action. "See the stars in NON-STOP Action," said the handbills at St Louis. "Fantastic non-stop Action!" cried the Los Angeles Toros. It was not so fantastic for C.B.S. who were faced with the task of fitting some twenty commercials into a ninety-minute game, that had very few natural breaks, and that was likely to feature only one or two goals. To interrupt the transmissions for a commercial while the game was going on meant missing some of the "non-stop action" and quite possibly the only score of the game. There was just no moment — part from halftime — when one could be certain of a pause long enough to accommodate a commercial. Injuries, where the trainer had to run onto the field to wave his magic sponge, would be suitable, but you could never be sure how many such injuries there were going to be during a game. There might not be any at all. During the third televised game, it was apparent that something strange was going on.

One of the New York Generals' forwards was brought down in the Philadelphia Spartans penalty area. Although no foul was called, the referee came running up, shouting, "Take your time, take your time!" The Generals' player, who was by this time getting to his feet, sank back to the ground, and the trainer was called on. There followed a minute of fussing, and at last the player stood up, whereupon the trainer commenced to rub his head and shoulders down with the towel. The trainer slowly left the field, at which point the referee took over, going up to the player, and apparently checking him over to make sure the trainer had done a good job. Only then did play get under way again. Two weeks later, during a televised game from Toronto, the cat leapt out of the bag, and the N.P.S.L. was in trouble.

The 7,500 spectators at the game were soon booting at the referee for what they regarded as too frequent and too lengthy stoppages of the game. It all came over rather well on the telecast. After the game, the referee admitted that he had an electronic device strapped to his back: "I get three beeps on the radar thing," he said, "and then I hear the producer saying, 'A commercial coming up', so I have to get the play stopped." He was also quoted as saying that he visited the dressing rooms before the game to instruct the players on when they should fall down and feign injury. The cat was not only out of the bag, it was among the pigeons. N.P.S.L. Commissioner, Ken Macker, jumped in immediately to absolve C.B.S. from any blame. He accepted personal responsibility for what had happened[2] and revealed that the league had been experimenting for several weeks to find a way of mixing commercials and soccer. In the future, he said, the referee would wave a red flag to indicate to the television director that a suitable moment for a commercial had arrived — it would be during goal kicks, or injuries. If the action resumed before the commercial was over, and anything particularly important was missed, it would be repeated on the instant replay. It was the system that C.B.S. used for the rest of the season, and it worked remarkably well. During some 120 commercial breaks, only five goals were missed.

Response

Halfway through this unreal season, with the N.P.S.L. still an unsanctioned league, there came a most curious development. The N.P.S.L. announced that they were now ready to meet all the terms asked by U.S.S.F.A. — the same ones that they had refused to meet in 1966. There was no response from U.S.S.F.A. At this, F.I.F.A. began to show signs of impatience and they issued a statement broadly hinting that it was time for U.S.S.F.A. to sanction the N.P.S.L. The United States representative on the F.I.F.A. Executive Committee, James McGuire, was instructed to convey the sentiment to U.S.S.F.A. McGuire, it was recorded, assured the Committee that he would do his best to bring the N.P.S.L. within authorized and recognized soccer. Apparently F.I.F.A. did not know, or did not consider it important,

[2] There was also an investigation into the incident by the Federal Communication Commission, the government agency that grants, and has the power to rescind broadcasting licences. Their report, issued in August, 1967, exonerated C.B.S. from any blame.

by PAUL GARDNER

that McGuire was also the President of the United Soccer Association, the league that U.S.S.F.A. had sanctioned and that therefore had a considerable interest in keeping the N.P.S.L. out of organized soccer.

The situation did not "soon find a satisfactory settlement" as F.I.F.A. had hoped — neither then nor by the end of the season. On 14 July the U.S.A. played their championship game, and this contest among the world's top teams was won by the Wolverhampton Wanderers, who had played the previous season in the English second division. Seventy-three games had been played and had drawn 568,118 people — about 7,800 per game. On the whole, the season had proceeded remarkably smoothly, considering the rush with which the whole thing was put together. A linesman had been punched in Boston; a referee chased from the field by hordes of spectators in New York; a match abandoned with seventeen minutes to play in Detroit, and in Toronto "Italian Day" had turned sour, when the Italian team Cagliari, representing Chicago, had walked off the field in protest against a referee's decision. But all the strife was counterbalanced by a splendid final game, won 6-5 by the Wolves representing Los Angeles over Aberdeen (representing Washington). It was tailor-made for the American taste — plenty of goals, and the excitement of a sudden-death finish in the second overtime period.

Turnstiles

The N.P.S.L.'s much longer season did not finish until September, when the Oakland Clippers beat the Baltimore Bays for the title. By this time, it was obvious to even the most obdurate millionaire that soccer was not going to provide instant riches for anybody. The league's 159 games had drawn 775,846 fans, or 4,250 per game. This was less than half what was regarded as the required minimum. The fans had not stormed the turnstiles — even when there were extra attractions like ball day, shirt day, Ladies Day, Pony Night, and Italian Night or Irish-American night. Baltimore had had some success by having The Fifth Dimension perform at one of their games, but New York's attempt to launch a new dance, the Soccerloo, had mercifully died aborning.

For the Pittsburgh owners, the season proved altogether too much. Their coach problems, which started before the season had even begun, got worse as time went on. Their second coach was not popular with the players, who regarded him as too strict; they went to the management and demanded his dismissal. So the coach was fired — with the team in first place. One of the players got the job, and discipline disintegrated. "There had been talk at the beginning of the season," said Dick George, "that the Phantoms were too strong for the rest of the league, and that some of their players should be sold to other teams. It wasn't necessary — the Phantoms broke themselves up." Yet another coach arrived, but could do little. The Phantoms finished next to last, both in the league and in attendance. Enough was enough for the Phantoms, and they announced that they were ceasing operations. In their one season they had lost around $325,000; and their collapse was to leave quite a few unhappy creditors. Their only assets were the players, some of whom they sold to other teams in the league — without getting paid for them. Nobody saw why they should pay transfer fees to an insolvent organization.

Clive Toye and Phil Woosnam.

The Philadelphia Spartans, who had lost $200,000, were next to go. The Phantoms and the Spartans were not alone in losing money, because all ten of the N.P.S.L. clubs ended the season in the red. But the ominous thing was not so much the loss of money, but the fact that there had been no discernible growth in attendances as the season progressed. The hoped-for "swing to soccer" had not occurred.

Could these super-shrewd investors have been wrong in their basic assumption? Or could they have made mistakes during the season's operation? The answer — and it came from the investors themselves — was no. Well, admittedly, there had been cases of bad luck — like all those rainy days at the beginning of the Pittsburgh season that had kept attendance down — but those were minor matters. The main — one sometimes had the impression it was the *only* — excuse for all the woes was the existence of the two leagues. This was the root of all evil. A strange impasse had been reached, where both leagues were saying that a merger was essential, U.S.S.F.A. was nodding in approval — yet there was no merger. On 9 September 1967 — the day of its final game — the N.P.S.L. gave matters a dramatic push. They started legal action under the anti-trust laws, against U.S.S.F.A., all the member clubs of the U.S.A. and F.I.F.A. The defendants were charged with having entered into a conspiracy to drive the N.P.S.L. out of professional soccer, and the court was asked to declare that the U.S.S.F.A.-U.S.A. agreement was an illegal monopoly. The N.P.S.L. also declared that as a result of having to operate as an "outlaw" league, they had lost $6 million during the season, and therefore they claimed triple damages of $18 million. A highly imposing gathering of expensive legal minds had barely started work on the case when they were flabbergasted by a decision that was even more incredible than anything that had gone before in that most incredible of seasons. It came from, of all people, F.I.F.A. Evidently running out of patience with the apparently intractable American problems that were besmirching the good name of soccer, they handed U.S.S.F.A. an ultimatum: settle this law suit or you will be suspended.

What caused the all-round gasp was that F.I.F.A. informed the N.P.S.L. — the plaintiffs in the lawsuit — of what they had done, thus neatly pulling the rug out from under U.S.S.F.A. F.I.F.A.'s thoughtfulness in giving the upper hand to the very people who were suing them may have been a nasty shock for U.S.S.F.A., but it may not, in the long run, have been all that significant. For by now the N.P.S.L. had dropped its idea of operating as a separate — but sanctioned — league. The financial facts of 1967 left no room for doubt that the only chance was for one league. A merger it had to be. It took the best part of four months for it to be worked out, and the agreement was announced at a meeting at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York in January 1968. The new seventeen-team league was to be called the Professional Soccer League — but not for long. The following day, it was renamed the North American Soccer League, almost as though an attempt were being made to cancel out the 1967 season. For this was the same name that the U.S.A. had used less than a year ago, before they adopted the United Soccer Association title.

Perhaps the most crucial announcement came from C.B.S., who decided that they were going to continue the weekly telecasts. The money that C.B.S. were paying the league was really its most important source of income, an assured subsidy that kept open the hope that C.B.S. might eventually do for soccer what N.B.C. had done for the American Football League: pump in enough money to guarantee its success. There was a change in the telecasts, though. During the first year Danny

●Continued overleaf

Blanchflower had come face to face with a sorry truth in modern American professional sport: the indecently intricate involvement of television, not just in the recording of sports events, but in their conduct and in their success. C.B.S., with a considerable amount of money being spent on soccer, was a decidedly interested partner. The N.P.S.L. was C.B.S.'s league, theirs to sink or swim with, and they were in a very strong position to influence the way in which the game was sold to the public.

The telecasts were almost certainly *the* most important single factor — quite apart from monetary considerations — in promoting the spread of the game, in introducing new fans to the game, and in educating them to its finer points. They were like soccer seminars, and the professor was Danny Blanchflower. But C.B.S. and the league did not see it that way at all. To them, the broadcasts were more like commercials designed to sell a product — in this case, soccer — with Blanchflower in the role of the salesman. The difference was fundamental, the two roles could obviously not be reconciled. Blanchflower was continually breaking the Golden Rule of American TV (*Never* criticize anything), pointing out that a player was out of position, or that another had made a silly error.

There were those who found it highly agreeable, like the television critic of the *New York Times*, who did not like the soccer, but found that Blanchflower's "blend of running criticism, boundless compassion, and sterling cliché eased the visual ennui", and John Rooney, owner of the Philadelphia Spartans, who thought that Blanchflower "did a great job — he was honest, and he was something new in sports in this country." Rooney did admit to "cringing a little" at some of Blanchflower's sallies. The majority of the owners did more than cringe; they were openly horrified. Bill Bergesch, General Manager of the New York Generals, looked back on the season and moaned that: "Blanchflower killed us last year, pointing out all the bad things. He was so honest, he hurt us. His job was to *promote* the sport. That's what we were paying him to do."

Assembled

The owners' point was that soccer was, at this stage, a very delicate child, that should be mollycoddled and protected from the harsh winds of truth. Blanchflower was in the impossible position of knowing that much of what he was watching was second-rate soccer; he could not describe it as "great", as C.B.S. and the owners wanted, so he chose to make constructive criticisms. When the 1968 season started, Danny Blanchflower was not re-hired.

For the 1968 season there were eight new teams to be created — the entries from the former United Soccer Association. It might have been thought that the ten N.P.S.L. teams, assembled one year earlier, had between them revealed all the errors that could be made and that the new entries could profit from that experience, but Dallas is in Texas, and down in Texas they have their own way of doing things. Lamar Hunt, son of the oil-tycoon H. L. Hunt, was co-owner of the Dallas franchise with Bill McNutt, whose business is making fruitcakes. First they came up with a singular name — the Dallas Tornado. "We thought of it as representing a ferocious, devastating, whirling terror," said Hunt. Next they hired an obscure coach who had the theory that the way

●*Continued from previous page*

to form the team was to recruit young players and have them play as many games as possible to weld them into a unit. Sixteen players, mostly nineteen and twenty-year-olds, and all of them unknowns, were assembled in Spain for preliminary training. They were all given blazers and ten-gallon hats, and apparently they were a big hit with the local girls. In September 1967 they set out on what was hailed as "the greatest world tour ever undertaken by a soccer team." Geographically speaking, it was certainly that. For over five months, the Dallas Tornado roamed over the earth, from Spain to Turkey to Iran to Pakistan to India to Burma, Indonesia, South Vietnam, Taiwan, Japan, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand and Fiji. Forty-five games they played, against all sorts of mediocre teams, and they managed to win only ten. The crowds turned out — especially in Asia — to see this American soccer team. Frequently the Dallas Tornado were put up on the scoreboard as "U.S.A.". A game in Malaysia ended in a fracas, with the players being stoned off the field amid anti-American slogans. There was not one American on the team, the majority of whom were English and Scandinavian.

Defensive

The Dallas Tornado arrived in the States — for the first sight of the city they were representing — in April 1968. Either they were a hardened experienced team as the Dallas management claimed, or they were totally exhausted, as almost everybody else believed.

With the two-league confusion gone, Danny Blanchflower banished from the land, and the errors of the opening season behind them, the owners' enthusiasm climbed back to its pre-1967 level. Asked about the defensive play of the champion Oakland Clippers, their publicity man replied without a blush, "Yes, we have the best defence of any team in the world." Dick Walsh said: "With any luck with the weather, we're hoping to average 15,000 paid for our opening games. Several cities may even top the 20,000 figure."

If this was an attempt at self-fulfilling prophecy, it was a lamentable failure. The largest crowd was 11,000 at Atlanta, and the smallest was the measly 1,400 who turned out to welcome the globe-trotting Tornado in Dallas. Those who had ridiculed the Tornado's world tour were to be proved right. Dallas lost their opener, 6-0, and just went on losing and losing all through the season. The coach was dispatched to Europe to find some new players, quickly. While he was away, the team was coached by the co-owners, Lamar Hunt and the fruitcake-king, Bill McNutt, who were unable to work any magic. By the end of July, the record of the Dallas Tornado stood at: Games played — 21; games won — 0; games tied — 3; games lost — 18[3]. Even the signing of new players and the firing of the old coach made little difference. The end of the season record for the Tornado was won — 2, lost — 26, tied — 4, and there was not much talk anymore of ferocious, devastating terrors.

Lack of fans was not limited to Dallas. All over the league the crowds, far from being larger than in 1967, were smaller and a record low for the league was registered in Chicago when only 336 people showed up.

When the season was over, the flimsy nature of the professional soccer edifice was exposed. It started to crumble at once. All the clubs were awash in red ink, and it was now clear that the commitment of the majority of the owners was not to soccer, but to their wallets. The enthusiasm, the confidence, the assurances that they were "in this thing for the long run" — all these suddenly evaporated. There was a frantic and unseemly rush for the exits. The tide of defections began to take on the air of a *sauve qui peut* and was soon climaxed by the announcement that the league Commissioner, Dick Walsh, had resigned. His departure was symbolic of the whole soccer scene. He had come to soccer direct from a long career in baseball administration, and he now revealed that he was returning to that sport — "my first love". His allegiance to soccer then — like that of most of the owners — had been something less than total, a piece of opportunism to be abandoned as soon as things started to go wrong. When the dust settled, where once had stood the imposing North American Soccer League, seventeen teams strong, there remained but a shell, propped up by only five clubs[4]. The businessmen had found soccer an unsatisfactory investment. The attitudes that operating a sports team is merely another form of business, and that a sport is simply a commodity to be marketed, carry with them certain perfectly logical consequences. Namely, that the success of the team be measured not merely in terms of monetary profit, but of how much and how quickly. For investors, this is the crucial point. When asked why R.K.O.-General withdrew from the N.P.S.L. after only one year of operation, despite its previous assurances of long-term support, the vice-president, John Pinto, replied: "Our management decided they'd rather put their money into other areas, as this didn't seem to be something that was going to move ahead as fast as we had hoped."

Resources

The indecorous collapse of the Great Soccer Experiment should not be allowed to obscure the truly remarkable nature of the undertaking. It was something that had never before been attempted anywhere — and that, in all probability, will never be attempted again. Because it is unlikely that the necessary circumstances will ever arise again: a sport played the whole world over, with the exception of one country, and that country the richest in the world, the only one with the resources to launch a major-league operation. But it was not simply a question of resources. There had to be, first of all, a climate of opinion that would sustain the idea. Without a doubt, such an idea would have been quietly shelved in any other country in the world, and the man who suggested it sent to a psychiatrist. To Americans, it was not silly, it was a challenge.

---

[3] Asked what the team's appalling record, plus the low attendances at their games, indicated for the future of soccer in Dallas, Bill McNutt replied: "When the season ends, we'll just have to sell the back out of fruitcakes."

[4] The N.A.S.L. did not go out of business. It operated on a much less ambitious scale, while devoting more energy towards building up the sport at the junior levels. By the beginning of the 1974 season, the N.A.S.L. had expanded to twenty teams and had moved its headquarters from Atlanta — where it had retreated during darker days — back to New York. And it had, of course, Pele.

WORLD SOCCER DIARY from the Middle East

SAUDI ARABIA PROGRESSING

UNDER EXPERT tuition from coaches like Ferenc Puskas, Hector Rial and Jose Castro, the game in Saudi Arabia is likely to progress, given the resourceful backing of this emerging nation of the Third World.

Puskas, the galloping major of old, has come to the country from Greece where he had some success in taking Panathinaikos to the European Cup Final in 1971. Rial spent an illustrious career as an inside-forward in his native Argentina, then Colombia, Uruguay and in Spain where he became a member of the Real Madrid side.

As a coach he was in charge of Olympique Marseille for a time but returned to Spain where he had been naturalised and had spells of success at Mallorca, Pontevedra, Zaragoza and Las Palmas. Then he guided the Spanish youth and Olympic sides and was the right hand man of national team boss Ladislav Kubala. Rial has more recently been in charge of the Mexican side Guadalajara.

Athlete

Jose Castro Ruival is less well known in football. But in his youth he was a distinguished athlete at long distances and received lengthy training in the medical side of football in Germany. He was with Pontevedra for many years in such a capacity and he forms a unique trio of talent in Saudi Arabia.

There are four divisions in the League set-up in the country, with a Special Premier Division a Normal Premier Division plus a Second and Third Division. The Special League consists of eight clubs: Nassr, Hilal, Shebab, Riyadh (the capital where these four come from), Ahli and Etehad from Jeddah; Kadssiea of El Khobar and Wehda of Meca.

The Normal Premier Division represents teams from Medina, Taif, Meca, Damman and Jeddah, too.

Al Shebab have another well known coach in Keith Spurgeon an Englishman who as a player was connected with Tottenham Hotspur but has coached all over the world counting Algeria, Ajax Amsterdam, Dallas Tornado, Lierse and AIK Stockholm among his ports of call.

Oil rich Kuwait is also aiming for recognition as a footballing nation in the not-too distant future. Currently leading the revolution in this Arabian centre is Mario Zagalo the man who was in charge of Brazil during the 1970 and 1974 World Cup competitions.

Zagalo was persuaded to take up this lucrative appointment and in sharp contrast to the enormous number of clubs and players at his disposal in Brazil, the task might well be greater but the numbers at least are more manageable.

Members

For Kuwait has only 40 clubs, 1,500 players and has been a football country for not much more than 20 years. In 1962 they gained affiliation to FIFA, in 1964 they joined the Asian Confederation and in 1974 became members of the Arab Federation, too.

In the Premier Division there are eight clubs: Kuwait, Al Arabi, Khitan, Al Qadisiya, Al Salimiya, Zazma, Al Shabab and Tadhamon. The coach of Al Arabi is Jimmy Hagan, arguably the finest inside-forward produced in England in the immediate pre-war, wartime and post-war period who only managed one full cap excluding internationals during 1939-45.

Hagan later became a manager and enjoyed his first success abroad when he was in charge of Benfica in Portugal.

Zagalo has already gathered together his national team squad selected from the eight clubs in the Premier Division and one from Division Two. All told there are 28 in the party dominated by Kuwait with eight and Al Qadisiya with seven representatives.

Squad

Probably the best player of the squad is Fathi Kameel Matar who plays for Tadhamon. He has been described as the Asiatic Garrincha, possibly in deference to the Brazilian team manager now boasted by Kuwait.

All the leading clubs in Kuwait also compete in the Emir's Cup which is a prized possession in this rapidly developing area of wealth and prosperity.

Be sure you obtain your copy of World Soccer by ordering through our subs service

Subscriptions Manager, WORLD SOCCER, 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, please enter a 12 months subscription commencing with issue dated

UNITED KINGDOM £5.75
EUROPE £7.40
N. AMERICA, Air Mail $19.00
.. Surface $13.25
AUSTRALASIA, Air Mail $15.00
.. Surface $9.75

other rates on application.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

LOOKING at SOCCER with Brian Glanville

Pettigrew to 'work-

IT'S EXTRAORDINARY how this fatuous concept of "work rate" has infiltrated the game to the extent that even such a natural born striker, goal scorer, opportunist as Motherwell's Willie Pettigrew — classify him how you will — must pay lip service to it. He has publicly rebutted charges that he does "nothing but score goals" (as well accuse Rubenstein of doing "nothing but play the piano") saying that he does go out to the wing on occasion to centre, that he would not like to be thought a "luxury" player.

It's the same old criticism which has been so falsely and gratuitously levelled at Gerd Muller; nor is it any coincidence that Bayern Munich, looking for a successor to Der Bomber, should have cast their eyes upon Pettigrew; a far more obvious one than their previous desire, Joe Jordan, an old fashioned British centre-forward of an admirable but orthodox kind.

Some years ago, when Gerd Muller was chosen West German Sports Personality, or whatever, of the year, there was a petulant outburst from Heidi Rosendahl, the Olympic long jumper, pentathlon girl et al, who clearly thought that *she* should have been chosen. What, she peevishly demanded, did Gerd Muller do but hang around in the penalty area and score goals? He played no part in the build-up. Having thus demonstrated what Keats long ago assured us, that a little learning is a dangerous thing, she eventually flounced off to the United States; a talented, fetching but presumptuous lady.

Gerd Muller.

Muller, with his sixty odd goals in sixty odd international games, is in fact one of the phenomena of the (sporting) age. His achievement would have been remarkable enough at any time in the history of football. To score the goals he did in an era when defences were so packed, well organised and ruthless bordered on the astonishing.

Pettigrew has said, in an interview, that he doesn't like to have time to think in the penalty area when he receives the ball; thinking means alternatives, and to select between alternatives, means that the chance has gone. Admirably well said. The great goal scorer has less time nowadays than he has ever had; he must make up his mind in a flash which surely means an instinctual rather than a ratiocinating process.

Angled

Not that Pettigrew is a hanger, however inspired, around the goal area; anyone who saw the television, or the actuality, of his winning goal in January against Celtic, when a marvellous burst down the right was followed by a glorious angled shot into the far corner, will be aware of that.

It is such a player who England so desperately require against Italy, in the World Cup qualifying matches. Malcolm Macdonald won't *do*. He is, quite certainly, a splendid scorer in First Division football, but his technique is not good enough, his instinctual reactions not fast enough, his temperament not calm and icy cool enough, to make him a Muller at the international level.

Duncan McKenzie, such an intelligent young man off the field, so instinctive on it, could still be the answer; if he gets a chance.

The interesting, lively and well produced new Spanish weekly magazine, *Don Balon*, recently published a fascinating table of training comparisons; the hours trained both by Spanish clubs and by leading clubs throughout Europe.

I don't think we can take very seriously their contention that Arsenal train 14 hours a week, three and a half of them on the Saturday — is *that* why they so often look dull and flaccid? — and half an hour (?) on the Sunday; which in turn casts doubts on their Italian, Dutch, West German and Polish figures. A total of 10½ hours for Bayern, eight and a half for PSV Eindhoven, seven hours ten minutes for Internazionale, another 14 for Legia Warsaw. But the Spanish figures are, one presumes, unchallengeable, and very interesting they appear.

There is, *Don Balon* points out in a headline, an intriguing paradox; or perhaps it is not a paradox. Two of the least successful First Division clubs, Oviedo and Sporting Gijon, do the most training. Struggling Oviedo, in fact, almost doomed already to be in the Second Division next season, train 11 hours a week, Gijon 9½.

This contrasts, and severely, with the high flying Atletico Madrid, who train for only eight. Their eternal rivals, Real Madrid, clock up by way of contrast a full nine and three quarter hours. Seven hours and twenty minutes is the second lowest figure, shared by San Sebastian, Liverpool's easy European Union Cup victims, and Santander.

Undercuts

But Espanol of Barcelona undercuts them all with an amazing six hours, ten minutes; and they are under that fearsome centre-half of the 1950s, who terrorised forwards with Uruguay and Real Madrid, Santamaria.

No coincidence. Santamaria played for Real, as *Don Balon* points out, in the days when their great concern was not to "leave it on the track," in the parlance of American athletes. Before you condemn him on the grounds that Espanol have hardly had a brilliant season, please remember that in his day with Real, the club trained like demons during the close season preparation period, trained very little once the season started, and regularly won everything in sight, not least five consecutive European Cups.

It is interesting to compare Espanol's programme with that followed by Real, under Miljanic. Sunday, of course, is the day on which the Spanish League plays.

' pays lip service
-rate' conception

and Monday is consequently one of rest. On the Tuesday, Espanol have an hour of physical exercises and ball play, while Real devote no less than two and a quarter hours to what is defined as "theory, physical exercises and the ball."

The problem is, of course, that we do not know precisely how much of that time is given to theory, how much is spent simply sitting around and, presumably, listening to Miljanic analysing the game of the previous Sunday. Nor, clearly, can we be sure of the intensity involved. Half-an-hour at one club may be, in effort, the equivalent of twice that time in another.

On the Wednesday, while Espanol players have an hour and a half of physical exercise and ball play, the Real men get down to two and three quarter hours of the same!

On Thursday Espanol have an eighty minute training game, while Real's two and a quarter programme ranges widely over "theory, technique, tactics and physical exercises." Friday is devoted by both clubs to "baths and massage," which must be a particular relief to the Real Madrid players, who on Saturday perform an hour of physical exercises, of which the Espanol men do fifty minutes.

Barcelona work their men much harder than their city rivals; the programme at nine and a quarter hours overall is only half-an-hour shorter than Real Madrid's. On the face of it, it is rather hard to avoid the conclusion that Espanol don't train long, if not hard, enough, but there again, everything is relative.

Training

If Espanol had the players possessed by Real Madrid and Barcelona, they would surely be going immensely better, even on the same amount of training. Would Real and Barcelona, however, be doing as well on Espanol's six hours, ten minutes a week? The matter must be one for speculation.

Another question inevitably begged is that of the individual and his needs. It is quite impossible to prescribe for all players, as a generality; a mere look at the very different "somatotyping" of any team you see on the field will tell you that. There are the ectomorphs, the mesomorphs and the endomorphs, with any number of variations between these three. Some players put on weight very easily, others scarcely at all.

Though we hear so much about Total Football, moreover, there can be no doubt that different positions on the field — not merely that of goalkeeper, either — impose different physical demands, and hence different kinds of training.

Manchester City, in Malcolm Allison's day, laid great stress on weights. West Ham United take special care of the abdominal muscles. Queens Park Rangers use Ron Jones, captain of the 1968 British Olympic team, and well known sprinter, to "run" their men once a week at Ruislip; anything up to 20-100 yard sprints. You pay your money and you takes your choice. It's a subject of infinite fascination and graduation.

Who says soccer training is a chore? It cannot be when the likes of 25-year-old Cathryn Robertson are around. Manchester United players Stuart Pearson (left) and Lou Macari are pictured helping beauty-queen Cathryn prepare for a London pancake race.

BUDAPEST IS NOT UNKNOWN

News from Hungary by Leslie Vernon

CERTAIN ENGLISH officials described the trip to Budapest for the Under-23 European Championship game as "a journey into the unknown". A rather astonishing statement, since the two countries have had footballing contact since 1908, the Hungarian capital is two hours away by plane, and all relevant information concerning the Magyar squad was available to the England team manager.

However, in our splendid isolation, any trip further than Calais is considered a hazardous undertaking, whether the destination is Bratislava, Mostar or Jerevan in UEFA club competitions, or the banks of the Danube on full international level.

Since at the time of writing, the second-leg is still to be played in Manchester (a journey into the unknown?), there is little point in discussing the tie. Sufficient to say that the Hungarians were obviously not as badly handicapped by their ludicrous winter programme as many people feared they would be.

Altitude

Following a busy autumn campaign and a short rest during the Xmas holidays, the players went through a month of rigorous training under severe wintry conditions. Then from the snow capped mountains of Buda, they were whisked away to the intense heat and high altitude atmosphere of Central America. To add further emphasis to the folly of the enterprise, their first game on arrival was the hardest of the tour — against the full national eleven of Mexico.

Masquerading under the convenient banner of "Budapest Selected," they kicked-off at 3.45 in the morning (Hungarian time, but the effects of the "jet-lag" were still apparent!), and were beaten 4-1, Balint couldn't play due to illness, and young striker Izso asked to be excused because he didn't have the confidence to make his debut in such an important fixture.

Fazekas scored the Hungarians' consolation goal from a penalty given for a foul on Pinter. From Mexico, the squad travelled to San Salvador, where they won 2-1. Zapata opened the scoring (Viva!), Pusztai equalised and Fazekas got the winner in the 47th minute. After a short rest, they flew back to Mexico again, where they met and beat Jalisco 1-0 — Nyilasi in the 73rd minute. Next stop — Medellin, home of Atletico Nacional, a team in the Mexican League.

Here an incredible game ended in a 6-5 victory. Goals: 8 minutes — Izso, 14th Nyilasi, 42nd Angulo — half-time 2-1. Two minutes after the break, Varadi made it 3-1, but Reta and Monsalve equalised. 75th minute, Varadi, 76th Nyilasi, 80th Andras Toth. But Bulla and Reta got late goals and the temperature of the match became overheated.

Concentrate

Lopez, skipper of Nacional, wrestled the referee to the ground when the official refused a penalty claim, and not entirely unexpectedly, he was sent off. After this goal fiesta, team manager Baroti said: "Our defence was given a good lesson — we must learn to concentrate no matter what the score is."

The last game of this "bread-and-butter" tour was played in Bogota, Columbia, where the Hungarians defeated Santa-Fe, a leading local club 3-1, with goals by Varadi, Pusztai and Andras Toth. So, the balance sheet was quite respectable — four victories and one defeat in five games. But was the journey really necessary?

Partners

As a fact-finding tour of South and Central American conditions in preparation for the '78 World Cup, it was premature to say the least. Hungary are drawn in a particularly difficult qualifying group (USSR, Greece) so it would have been more logical to face European sparring partners. Too many "ifs" on the trail to Argentina to justify such an exhausting excursion into the obscure hinterlands of these Banana Republics.

Not only did the members of the squad have to forfeit their training schedules so carefully prepared by the FA Coaching Committee, but the leading clubs were obliged to complete their pre-season fixtures without their key players. Adding insult to injury, a few days after the party touched down at Budapest Airport, they were off again to Kuwait for another friendly. This U-23 international finished in a 1-1 draw, with Varadi equalising an early goal scored by the Kuwait centre-forward, whose name remained a closely guarded secret.

Brazilian manager Zagalo and his lieutenant, Carlos Alberto, are working hard in the oil-rich Kuwait, but according to eye-witnesses, in this U-23 fixture, only the African ball-boys were in fact younger than 23 years of age.

Baroti said that he was unhappy about his team's performance, although eventually, he picked exactly the same side against England — Gujdar-Paroczai, Balint, Rab, Lukacs-Nyilasi, Ebedli, Zombori-Pusztai, Szabo, Varadi. It is an old Hungarian custom to complain about tiredness, and the players conformed to this time-honoured habit.

Before the League campaign opened, there was an inquest concerning the wisdom of the close season activities, but the verdict must wait until the summer. In all fairness, one needn't feel sorry for young athletes who are given the opportunity to see the world. But the current vogue of overcrowding the fixture list is based on a false premise.

Tibor Nyilasi, the gifted Ferencvaros midfielder, for instance, is expected to appear for his club in the League, the Cup, the Liberation Cup, the Mitropa Cup, and for Hungary on U-23 and full-international levels. In less than four months, this 20-year-old still developing player must play 30-32 competitive games.

A schedule which would tax the physical and mental resources of a Beckenbauer, who has been a full professional for 12 years. If the Hungarians seriously think that this is the best way to build a new "world-class" side, they are mistaken. But . . . for once I would like to be proved wrong!

FREE

Programme Catalogue

Send 25p in unused stamps (this includes return postage) for our Introductory Programme Bundle and receive FREE our 75-76 Season Catalogue containing several thousand different programmes available, including Finals, Semis, Internationals, Foreign, English, Irish, Scottish, Amateur and Non League teams etc. Please write your name and address in BLOCK CAPITALS and send to

Steve Earl Football Programmes (Dept. WS1), 5 Earsham Street, BUNGAY, Suffolk NR35 1AH.

Dresden ahead in title race

THREE POINTS clear of reigning champions 1st FC Magdeburg in second place, Dynamo Dresden appear to be well set to take the championship but cannot afford many more lapses like the one at home to Lokomotive Liepzig that put them out of the cup, the DFGB Pokal.

When the draw was made for the semi-finals: Magdeburg v Vorwarts Frankfurt and Dresden v Lokomotive it looked odds on a clash of the super clubs on May 1 in the final. The first leg results did nothing to change that view with Dynamo drawing 1-1 away in Leipzig, going ahead through Peter Kotte after 14 minutes and only conceding a draw through an own goal by Hans-Jurgen Dorner their *libero*.

It looked even better for Magdeburg who won 2-1 away in the first leg where Horst Wruck put the Army team ahead in the fifth minute but goals by Wolfgang Seguin and Martin Hoffmann (a penalty) put them ahead for the second leg.

Then things began to go wrong. First the Madgeburg captain and *libero* Manfred Zapf was booked the week-end before the semi final second leg and was thus therefore automatically suspended for the next game (his third booking) and then both Jurgen, Pommerenke and Martin Hoffmann were ruled out by injury.

Aggregate

The Army team took full advantage, playing an attacking game when they heard Magdeburg's team and smelled blood. Jorg Nachtigall put Vorwarts ahead on the night after 21 minutes and Frieder Andrich sewed it up with a goal in each half to give Vorwarts a 3-0 win on the night and a 4-2 aggregate win.

Dynamo Dresden had no excuses, presumably starting out in an over-confident mood and not being able to get over it when Lokomotive put on a fine display. Lutz Moldt opened the scoring in the early minutes but Hans-Jurgen Kreische equalised to make it 1-1 at the break and still even. Then Moldt again in the 80th minute, all against the play but with Lokomotive counter attacking dangerously put Dynamo behind and as the home side threw everything forward looking for an equaliser, the inevitable happened and Joachim Fritsche broke away in the closing minutes to make it 3-1 on the night for Lokomotive, 4-2 on aggregate.

Siegmar Watzlich, Dresden's international left back.

Thus both favourites went out and the classic final everyone expected, once more failed to materialise, as it has so often in the DDR's cup.

In the championship race Dynamo Dresden crashed 1-0 away to Rot Weiss Erfurt then rattled up three consecutive victories at the resumption of play while Magdeburg, though dropping one point, extended their unbeaten run in league matches to 13 games. This coming after a bad start to the season has sent them zooming up the table and they now occupy third place, three points behind Dresden, and with Hallescher FC Chemie and Dynamo Berlin (BFC) are D-D's closest challengers.

After going down at Erfurt, Dynamo Dresden entertained Sachsenring Zwickau and hammered 31 shots at the Zwickau goal as against only five at the other end. Dynamo kept Jurgen Croy very active. Though he had a fine game, Croy couldn't keep out a shot from Kreische in the first half, nor further goals by Schmuck and Riedl after the break and D-D won 3-0.

Then came a real hum-dinger in Berlin where a crowd of 25,000, BFC's best of the season, saw a match that see-sawed first one way then the other and ended up 4-3 for Dynamo Dresden. The first half belonged to D-D with goals from Schade and Kreische but after the break, BFC's captain Frank Terletzki inspired a come-back and got the first goal himself only three minutes into the second period.

That was the first of four goals in 19 minutes that ended after 67 minutes when Hans-Jurgen Reidiger equalised at 3-3 for BFC. Disaster appeared to have struck D-D when they were awarded a penalty at this point and Kreische's shot was saved by goalkeeper Hans-Gustav Creydt. It could have gone either way at that stage but in the last seconds Dieter Riedl snatched the winner.

At the 17th hurdle, D-D beat Energie Cottbus 3-0 before a good crowd of 24,000 to see the bottom club who have now gone through more than nine games in a row without scoring and are virtually relegated. Dynamo's scorers were Gert Heidler and Gerd Weber (his first of the season) in the first half and Rainer Sachse got the third after the break.

Cautious

FC Carl Zeiss Jena have been through a trying spell, often without international centre forward Peter Ducke through injury but also apparently lacking confidence. Playing a cautious 1-3-4-2 away to Karl Marx Stadt for example they went down 0-3, but their last game brought a 5-2 win over Vorwarts Frankfurt, fresh from their FA Cup success, that might put Jena back on the right road.

The heroes were internationals Lother Kurbjuweit, playing in midfield and Eberhard Vogel who got three goals from the left wing and both played superbly.

Magdeburg are the team in form if D-D slip despite the fact the Axel Tyll, Joachim Streich (signed last summer) and Jurgen Sparwasser, now playing up front, have all been injured, as well as Martin Hoffman. Only when the injuries come together as they did in the cup do Magdeburg slip.

One-nil to Stahl Riesa (Sparwasser), 3-1 at home to Lokomotive Leipzig (Sparwasser and Hoffmann (2) including a penalty); 1-1 away at Erfurt (*libero* Manfred Zapf the scorer), and 3-1 at home to Sachsenring Zwickau, achieved after Michael Braun had headed Zwickau into the lead and with Croy in great form once more. Goals this time by Sparwasser, Seguin and Hoffmann . . . but Kreische still tops the scorers list with 16, followed by Eberhard Vogel (Carl Zeiss) on 15 and Hans-Jurgen Reidiger (BFC Berlin) who has 10.

KEIR RADNEDGE presents the

ATLETICO MADRID DOSSIER

LORENZ REVIVAL

Concluded from last month

THE STORY of Atletico Madrid's 1973-74 Champions' Cup campaign doesn't need much repeating. Atletico put out Galatasaray, Dinamo Bucharest, and Red Star Belgrade on their way to that awful semi-final battle with Celtic. It's worth recalling the seclusion Lorenzo ordered for his men before the Parkhead punch-up. At the Normandy Hotel in Renfrew, Lorenzo's 17 players were forbidden any contact with the hotel's female staff, had a floor of the hotel to themselves, their own dining room, drinking was banned and those wives who had made the trip were hidden away in separate rooms.

The match? A 0-0 draw. Ayala, Ruben Diaz, Jim Brogan, Dixie Dean, Domingo Benegas, Javier Irureta, Melo, Alberto and goalkeeper Miguel Reina were all booked; Ayala, Quique and Diaz — who played for Racing BA against Celtic in that 1967 World Club Cup fiasco — were all sent off and banned for varying periods. It meant they would miss the final for which Atletico qualified after winning the second leg 2-0.

In Brussels the final was goalless far into extra time when Luis curled one of his well-rehearsed free kicks past Sepp Maier. It looked as if Atletico had reached their £3,800-a-man win bonus until Georg Schwarzenbeck hit his 35-yard equaliser with the last free kick. Bayern swept through the replay 4-0.

Six months later, with Atletico knocked out of the UEFA Cup by Derby on penalties, Lorenzo left, and Luis took over. Atletico recovered well and Luis was awarded a one-year extension. Yet it seemed unlikely he would see it through when Atletico began the season with one point from their first three games.

Then came the most dramatic of transformations — fired by the arrival of Brazilian World Cup men, Luis Pereira and Leivinha, for a joint fee of £530,000 — £255,000 plus a £50,000 signing-on fee for Pereira, and £200,000 plus a £25,000 personal grant for Leivinha. Both came from Palmeiras, Vava's old club. They'd been signed hours before the registration deadline, but it had taken a few weeks to sort out the minor details. Still, no matter. Their arrival couldn't have made a bigger impact — Leivinha celebrated becoming a father for the first time with a hat-trick in the Brazilian's very first game, a 4-1 win against Salamanca.

"Leivinha can play much better than that," laughed Pereira afterwards, while Salamanca coach Jose Luis Garcia Traid complained: "That Pereira deserved at least ten bookings."

The following week (October 5) Atletico went to Bilbao and lost 2-0. Until their 1-0 shock defeat by Gijon on January 5 they remained unbeaten and raced through to the top of the table. Was it all because of the Brazilians? No, though Pereira wasn't being quite honest when he said: "I'm just an ordinary player. We haven't brought any special magic with us. You shouldn't praise me, but the whole team." The man to take most of the praise, for creating a team into which these two could fit so easily, is Luis. Though how much credit or blame any manager should get is always a tricky subject.

Studies

Garate looks at it like this: "Lorenzo had to go, I suppose, because that's how it is in football. But, you know, the players are the ones who should get the blame. He plans the games, studies the other teams, tells us how to play. He works only in theory, after that it's up to us. Perhaps we failed him."

True to a point. But too simplistic. The manager, after all, picks the players and this is where Luis has done well, bringing forward a number of younger men other managers had discarded.

Luis has had to be tough. As soon as he took over he called Adelardo to one side and said he intended building the team without the club captain. He told Adelardo he wanted the "motor" to become an adviser, an assistant, an assessor and so, at the end of this season, Adelardo will hang up his boots. His future at Atletico is assured however. Luis, in the image of Calderon, wants to build a new family atmosphere.

This is why 40-year-old assistant coach Peiro was kept on after Lorenzo went. This is why former utility defender Jesus Martinez Jayo has just returned to join the coaching staff after ending his playing career with Sevilla.

This is why, at the end of October, Luis called in Atletico's handball international, Javier Garcia Cuesta, to supervise training schedules, even though the new man admits: "I don't much about football — and I only watch the games when I'm not away playing handball."

For Adelardo, the "family" concept has extra connotations. After all, when he married Maria Argeles Calderon eight years ago, he was marrying the boss's daughter! Luis has been tough all round. He surprisingly sold midfield man Iureta to Bilbao just before the season after a row in which he was alleged to have told the Basque international: "Without me you'd have been nothing."

The players still around say, without rancour for they respect Luis, that he's handed out more fines in his short spell in charge than all the previous managers put together.

Towards the end of Lorenzo's reign there were stories about lax discipline, particularly where the South Americans were concerned. The rumours fed the bitterness engendered by defeat.

As Ayala said: "You slip into a cafe at four o'clock in the afternoon and the next thing you know, people are saying you were in a bar at six in the morning." Ayala, in fact, is among Luis's greatest admirers, despite an unsettling attempt to try him out in midfield which has in fact improved the Argentinian's appreciation of the need for team work. Ayala's had a mixed time in Madrid, but he's the first to admit it:

Performances

"In the first season I played some good games, but there were some bad ones too, I'd had no trouble settling down. It would have been easy to use that as an excuse for poor performances early on, but it wouldn't have been true. My second year Atletico had a good season, what with reaching the Champions' Cup Final. I think that, with Garate, I played most games — about 30 or 31. Even allowing for injury I was really finding my balance. Finally, this year, with all the pre-season work in the mountains and the new exercises I feel in tremendous shape.

"Still, I think the new schedules left us a bit tired at the start of the season . . ."

Ayala, one of a family of 13, was born in Santa Fe, Argentina, on January 8, 1950, and he and Heredia have been lifelong friends. In fact they were even playing together in the Argentina team beaten 1-0 by Spain in the autumn of 1972 — their first visit to Madrid where they are now idols.

O GOES AND COMMENCES

Ayala (left) of Atletico in action against Real Madrid

Undoubtedly it was the influence of Lorenzo which helped them settle in quickly, particularly the nervy Ayala, who worked in a shoe shop before joining San Lorenzo in 1965.

Ayala, who scored a goal against Nacional Montevideo and their Brazilian goalkeeper Manga on his debut for San Lorenzo, emphasised the point by saying: "Lorenzo was like a father to me. He always treated me well. I owe him a great deal. And Luis? Well, Luis has surprised me. It's very difficult to go straight from being a player to trainer and do well. I really didn't expect it. He's tremendously knowledgeable, a star. But I think many people still underrate him."

Ayala and Heredia became naturalised Spaniards last summer, having completed two years' residence, thus allowing in Pereira and Leivinha as Atletico's two foreigners. For Ayala it wasn't just a question of cash, for the club almost certainly made naturalisation — technically dual nationality — worth his while.

"I want to stay in Spain when I retire," said the man they call *Raton*, "little mouse." Ayala — along with Heredia — played for Argentina in the 1974 World Cup and, soon after, received an offer from New York Cosmos . . . which he promptly turned down.

"If I went to the U.S. I'd be finished as a class player. Money isn't the only thing. Look at Eusebio (the Benfica one) and Chinaglia, who were both disappointed in what they found. Maybe Pele wants to go home too . . . Give me *real* football every time."

But while Ayala has gone from strength to strength, Heredia has his problems. When Pereira arrived, Luis moved Heredia into midfield. But in a league where runnings counts for so much, "Cacho" looked too slow and ponderous. He prefers the sweeper's role, but obviously there's no chance of ousting Pereira. He further upset matters by missing a penalty against Santander which would have brought a 2-1 win — and he had already scored once from the spot!

Since then he's appeared regularly only on the substitutes' bench.

He and Ayala weren't the only reinforcements for that 1973-74 season. A third was 30-year-old Miguel Reina Santos, the goalkeeper Barcelona signed from Cordoba in 1966. He's won seven Spanish caps, earned the Zamora trophy as the league's best goalkeeper once and switched to Atletico after a contract dispute with the Catalans.

"I wanted to get away anyway," he said later. "We'd had a series of trainers who never seemed to know what they wanted." At £135,000 he was, at the time, Atletico's most expensive-ever signing.

Reina's done well with Atletico. "Easy," he says, "with the best defence in Spain." His reflexes are sharp, but his one weakness is on concentration — not always what it should be. Still, Luis rates him highly enough to bring him back against Hercules in December even though he had barely trained since suffering an arm injury against Zaragoza early in the season.

Third place

First reserve is Jose Luis Pacheco, then there's also Mariano Tirapu Arteta, whose elder brother Fernando plays in the back four with Valencia. Tirapu starred against Stoke in the 0-0 draw in the Teresa Herrera trophy third place game last summer. He's 22, and has rejoined Atletico after two years on loan to Rayo Vallecano, the third Madrid team.

Right back is seven-times Spanish international Jose Luis Capon Gonzalez. Capon was born in Madrid on June 6, 1948, playing for Plus Ultra, Atletico filial Reyfra (now Atletico Madrileno) then Burgos before joining the first team squad under Merkel. Capon, a cool defender and skilful too, can play on either flank and scored for Spain earlier this season against Denmark. Only injury kept him out of the 2-2 draw with Rumania, though he wasn't too unhappy — it meant he was forced to stay at home just as his wife was having a baby. A rare footballer Capon — when he gets home he switches off from soccer altogether.

Cool you would never call his full back partner 29-year-old Ruben Diaz, nicknamed Panadero. He's tall, he's strong, like Ayala he wears his hair long, and when he loses his temper he can be frightening. Astonishingly, he's been sent off in the league only three times — twice this season — though he claims that referees have been persecuting him ever since he arrived in Spain five years ago.

"I do tend to lose my head a bit," he admits, "but I'm not malicious . . ."

● *Continued overleaf*

Atletico Madrid Dossier by Keir Radnedge

The first expulsion this season was against Granada when he managed to lash out at the referee despite Reina's holding onto him. The second was in the recent defeat at Gijon. The first time he was banned for seven games and typically, for he's as impetuous off the field as on it, he decided to go back to Argentina. Then Calderon took him on one side; after three weeks King Juan Carlos pronounced an amnesty, and the Spanish FA caught the spirit of the thing. Diaz was back in the team, despite the protests of Bilbao and San Sebastian that he's another foreigner in disguise.

Diaz can also deputise as stopper if Eusebio is injured. This under-23 international is good both in the air and on the ground, as he demonstrated against Real's Santillana recently, but sooner or later he could find a challenger in 18-year-old Fraguas, the youth international who made a cautious league debut at right back, but in fact earned his youth caps in the centre of defence.

Other defenders include the bearded Luis Laguna, a youngster sent off against Betis at the end of last season soon after being introduced, the Paraguayan Domingo Benegas, and of course Pereira — who we'll come back to later.

Worker

In midfield it's workrate which counts with Luis. This is why he's given an extended run to Alberto, a 32-year-old favoured by Domingo and Merkel, but ignored by Lorenzo. "Age doesn't worry me," he says. "I've never felt fitter." This belief in the worker has also led Luis to show a great deal of faith in 25-year-old Eugenio Leal.

Luis, unlike anyone before, clearly prefers Leal to the former amateur international, Ignacio Salcedo, a 28-year-old eternal promise who's now been sidelined by appendicitis.

When Leal joined Atletico six years ago he was — as he now accepts — too much of a show-off. The fans didn't like him, neither did the trainers. He played seven games under Domingo, 14 under Merkel and none for Lorenzo, and talked Atletico into loaning him to Gijon, where he played 20 games without setting the town on fire.

Luis, however, having played alongside Leal, was more perceptive and was impressed by Leal's potential. Leal has a regular first team place now, and whereas he used to play better away, now even the Estadio Calderon fans are beginning to take to him. He's got no illusions about his ability any more: "I'm fast, but I'm no Gento. What I can do is work, and I can shoot quite hard."

Leal gets vital goals, and none more important than the one which beat Real, after Ayala touched a free kick to the right, into Leal's path. Real protested in vain that they should have been awarded the free kick for a foul by Ayala on Vicente del Bosque. They were just covering their shame at being caught out by such an old trick.

● *Continued from previous page*

Also in midfield is another of Luis's favourites, 20-year-old Marcelino, the baby of the team. Marcelino Perez Aylon is the only Catalan playing top soccer for a Madrid team — Atletico snapped him up from Sabadell two years ago while Barcelona were haggling over the fee and before Madrid's Miljan Miljanic realised he was on the market.

Also vying for a place in midfield are 20-year-old Francisco Javier Bermejo, signed as Adelardo's deputy and who loves to sneak forward, and 32-year-old Paco Melo, a twice-capped international who has missed most of the season after tearing knee ligaments in the early defeat by Elche.

Stadium: Estadio Vicente Calderon (70,000, all seated).
Offices: Borquillo 22 (near Plaza de Cibeles).
President: Vicente Calderon Perez-Cavada.
Vice-President: Armando Munoz Calero.
Executive Director: Salvador Santos Campana.
General Manager: Victor Martinez.
Trainer/Manager: Luis Aragones Suarez.
Assistants: Joaquin Peiro Lucas, Jesus Martinez Jayo, Adelardo Rodriguez Sanchez.
PT man: Javier Garcia Cuesta.
Founded: April 26, 1903.
World Club Cup: 1975.
Champions' Cup: Runners-up 1974.
Cup-winners' Cup: 1962. Runners-up 1963.
League. 1940, 1941, 1950, 1951, 1966, 1970, 1973. Runners-up: 1944, 1958, 1961, 1963, 1965.
Cup: 1960, 1961, 1965, 1972. Runners-up: 1921, 1926, 1956, 1964, 1975.

Up front there's Ayala and Garate as well as the Barinaga discovery Baena, the second division's top scorer in 1973-74, and Francisco Aguilar Fernandez, the 23-year-old former Elche right winger. Fast and hard-working, Aguilar was signed towards the end of last season from Atletico Madrileno and, with barely a dozen senior games behind him including a debut goal against Malaga, was called into Kubala's squad for the vital visit to Rumania.

The fans haven't been too kind to him, however, and injury and poor form have restricted his chances; also the fact that Luis isn't too keen on pure wingers, a factor which, on the surface, is the reason Heraldo Becerra has made only a few fleeting appearances this season.

Becerra was born in Brazil, in San Jeronimo in Rio Grande del Sur, on April 21, 1946, and played inside left for Cruzeiro for a couple of years before joining Argentina's Newells Old Boys in 1968. En route he met Atletico's transfer supremo, Victor Martinez, for the first time. Newells switched him to outside left and Martinez picked him up for a modest fee in 1971.

On form he's an exciting player, with all the skill you'd expect of a man brought up in the footballing sense in Brazil and Argentina. But he's also been playing in Spain under the guise of a foreign-born Spaniard, and that makes him a target for the Basque campaigners. Becerra says he's nothing to worry about, even though he's had to swear depositions in court. His mother was Brazilian but his father was Spanish. Nevertheless Atletico have been preparing double nationality papers, he hasn't appeared in the league team for ages, and they might be happy to accept a recent transfer bid from Argentina's River Plate, who have apparently given up the idea of buying Penarol's Fernando Morena.

That might suit Atletico — it wouldn't suit Becerra. He's well settled in Spain. This leaves just two players to remind you about.

The first is Luis Edmundo Pereira, born on June 21, 1949, in Bahia, nicknamed Chevrolet, big, strong and memorable for his World Cup displays. He won 30 caps and was sent off for attacking Johan Neeskens in West Germany. Recently the two players faced each other again in the league.

How do you feel about it? he was asked. "Well, these things happen in football. But they're soon forgotten."

Pereira has done wonders for Atletico's defence, adding the iron fist, and not always hiding it in the velvet glove. All the more remarkable is the impact he's had despite playing soccer for a year non-stop and having to rush back to Brazil recently for a few days to be with his father, who was very ill.

Yet just as he's transformed the defence, so Joao Leyva Campos Filho has worked wonders with the attack.

Leivinha was born on September 11, 1949, and fills a similar role to the old Luis. He's more of an inside forward than midfield player. But even though he's hit nine goals so far this season, the so-called "white Pele" is not an out-and-out striker either.

He joined Palmeiras from Portuguese de Desportes, the original club of Mario Marinho, four years ago and both he and Luis Pereira were in the Palmeiras side who took two Brazilian championships and three league titles. They were also in the team who beat Real Madrid 3-1 last summer in the final of the Ramon de Carranza trophy in Cadiz.

Failure in the Cup-winners' Cup — Eintracht Frankfurt put Atletico out before the Brazilians had qualified — can't hide the fact that the *Colchoneros* look set not just for one good season, but several.

And as Luis says: "The future is very promising. People get worked up about ages, not always very reasonably, but Atletico aren't an old team now. We have ten players under 25 and since I've been in charge they've all played in the first team."

But it's another selection choice which deserves the praise — Calderon's choice as manager, the man who scored the first goal in the Estadio Calderon back in 1966... Luis.

ANDRE DUCLOS reports from France

Bianchi to stay at Reims or move on again?

WHERE WOULD French football be without its Argentinians? Without Onnis, Piazza, Pastoirza, Bianchi? You will probably know that the 27-year-old Delio Onnis, Rome born but an Argentinian for all that, scorer of 30 League goals for Monaco last season, hit all four when they beat Nice in their little jewel of a stadium, to win emphatically the Côte d'Azur derby. All of 7,000 fans were watching, too, which is a big crowd for Monaco. José Pastoriza, 32 now, made his own considerable contribution to that win.

Meanwhile, at Reims, Carlos Bianchi, now 30, has made a splendid recovery after breaking a leg in an ill starred friendly at the Parc des Princes in October, 1974. Four goals at Metz proved all was emphatically well again; there is every chance that the big Argentinian, with his receding hair, will be top goalscorer when the season ends; Onnis or no Onnis.

Will Reims be able to keep him? His is one of the many names which has been linked with Bayern Munich, still desperate to find a successor, or a lieutenant, for Gerd Muller. Bianchi says he doesn't want to leave France and will see when the end of the season comes. Whether he will stay with Reims is another matter. He is one of those rare footballers who talks most lucidly about the game, not least upon the subject of Total Football.

"Versatility is theoretical," he says. "Ideally it cannot be applied to football, which makes me happy, because it preserves the true personality of the players instead of turning them into the robots which some would like them to be. In front of goal a defender will never have the cool head of an attacker. During a match a defender will only be a sporadic attacker and not a systematic one. Tasks must be divided, as in life; some are intelligent and others less so, some gifted for music and others for painting. Me, I am gifted for attacking. Even in training, to enjoy myself, I never put myself in defence. I don't like to destroy but to create. My head is in the goal."

Spectacular volley

And often, one might add, heads *into* the goal. As you will have gathered, Bianchi is a strong and independent character. He says that when he receives the ball during a game he is its master and he does whatever his instinct tells him to do, no matter what the manager may be shouting from the touchline. If he wants to dribble, then off he goes on a dribble. He likes to take risks, to do the original and the unexpected. Sometimes, as he admits, it will come off, at others it won't; in all honesty, he says that a spectacular volley which brought a goal against Avignon might just as well have finished in the crowd.

On the whole, he says, he doesn't meet many really dirty players in the French League, though there were one or two who threatened, on his return, "I'll break your other leg, then that will make a pair." He admits that once this season when he had really been getting a hammering from the opposing stopper, he exploited the fact that they were both rolling on the ground to give him an elbow in the ribs; but this was rather the exception which proved the rule. Bianchi would rather play the game as it is written. If our present young hopeful Platini can reach the elevated and immensely efficacious level of Bianchi and Onnis, then we shall all be well satisfied indeed; and the French international team will flourish as the splendid young Olympic team, Platini at centre-forward, flourished against Rumania at Blois.

If Onnis and Bianchi are splendid centre-forwards, that other Argentinian international, Oswaldo Piazza, continued to do great things for Saint Etienne at centre-half, while another foreign centre-half, Josip Katalinski, had the satisfaction in late January of scoring yet again the only goal of an international clash. You may recall that his was the goal which qualified Yugoslavia, at the expense of Spain, for the last World Cup.

His, after 14 minutes of a friendly match at Nice, was the goal, straight from a free kick, which gave Nice a humiliating victory over the full Italian international team; a great feather in the cap of Nice, the more so as they played without their midfield inspiration, Jean-Marc Guillou. On overall play, they were well worth the victory, their clever offside trap and zonal marking confusing the Italians

Guillou, as we know, had to wait till his late twenties before winning a regular place in the Angers side; and till 29 until he won his first French cap. Somewhat in the same position has been Gérard Farison, of Saint Etienne, 32 years old on March 15, and not a regular Saint Etienne player till the age of 27.

In fact Farison signed for them as an 18-year-old in 1962/3, coming from nearby Terrenoire. Shyness had something to do with it. Roby Herbin, present manager, former skipper, did his best to persuade him to come out of his shell. It worked. Yet even after he had played such a part in Saint Etienne's successes, with his all round solidity, his useful if occasional attacking forays from full-back, he seemed doomed to be written off, or down, as a "good club player".

So it looks as if he will never win the cap which many feel that he deserves. Not that the balanced and amiable Farison is the type to worry about that. He has already had more triumphs and satisfactions with Saint Etienne in Championship, Cup and European Cup than he could ever have expected when he was in his middle twenties; and there should be more to come.

Did you know that your British Army team thrashed our strong young French Army team 4-1 in the Kentish Cup at Aldershot? Probably not; you don't pay much attention to such events since conscription disappeared and with it the Mackays and Charltons from your Army football. Power was your secret according to our Army's coach, the excellent Joseph Mercier; power of foot and head, athletic power, the strength of the wind. And Michael Platini, playing for the French Army, made no impact at all on your sturdy defence; even with the wind!

BORUSSIA CRASH TO ROTWEISS

West German newsletter from Arthur Rotmil

THE OLD cliché about the "glorious uncertainty of football" was never more vividly illustrated than in the current Bundesliga campaign. Champions and runaway leaders Borussia Mönchengladbach, widely acclaimed as the best club side in Europe and unbeaten in 23 successive home league matches — since October 12, 1974, in fact — crashed to unfancied Rotweiss Essen on their own Bökelberg ground by 1-2, after taking the lead! And the outsiders had to play the last half hour with only ten men, because defender Neues was sent off!

That this startling defeat did not throw the title race wide open was only due to a similar lapse by Borussia's nearest challengers Hamburger SV, who lost at Kaiserslautern by 0-2. Borussia thus retained the five-point lead at the top and and could tackle Real Madrid in the European Cup with some confidence that their League position was secure — at least for the time being. For Hamburg were also engaged in a European quarter-final, against the Polish side Stal Mielec in the UEFA Cup.

Borussia's supporters were already shocked at the end of January, when their team was dismissed from the DFB Cup, losing to Fortuna in Düsseldorf by 2-3. A crowd of 65,000 saw a tremendous Cup tie which was really decided by an unfortunate own goal from Borussia's World Cup star Rainer Bonhof. He made amends by converting a penalty, but by then it was too late. In the same round the cup holders Eintracht Frankfurt also went out to Hertha in Berlin by 0-1, after extra time.

For this slump and the financial loss incurred, the Gladbacher were amply compensated by their home tie with Real Madrid, switched to the World Cup stadium, in Düsseldorf, where the capacity of 70,000 is exactly twice that of their own ground. Two hundred thousand fans had applied for tickets for the Real Madrid game!

Additional revenue is coming Borussia's way from the new commercial sponsorship. As from the New Year, the Gladbach players are wearing on their jerseys the name of a company which manufactures natural gas. This lucrative contract will run for two years and should boost the finances of the champion club who are handicapped by their small stadium.

German football officials are astonished at the objections raised in England against this form of extra income. I am referring to the case of the FC Kettering Town, the Southern League club, who under the guidance of player-manager Derek Dougan have been wearing the name of a local tyre manufacturer on their shirts. The Football Association however stepped in, instructing the club to conform to the rules. There was even talk of charging Kettering with "bringing the game into disrepute"!

Horst-Dieter Hottges of West Germany.

Equipment

In West Germany, and indeed in several other Western European countries, such objections have long been swept away. The European Cup holders Bayern Munich are also advertising on their strip the name of the world famous sports equipment makers "Adidas". But it should be pointed out, that in European Cup matches such form of sponsorship is forbidden by UEFA and the European Broadcasting Union (TV).

Another milestone in the illustrious career of Bayern's and national team

Holzenbein of West Germany

captain Franz Beckenbauer: The *Bundesliga* match v Bayer Uerdingen was his 350th League game. And in eleven years since Bayern gained promotion, Beckenbauer missed only eleven games!

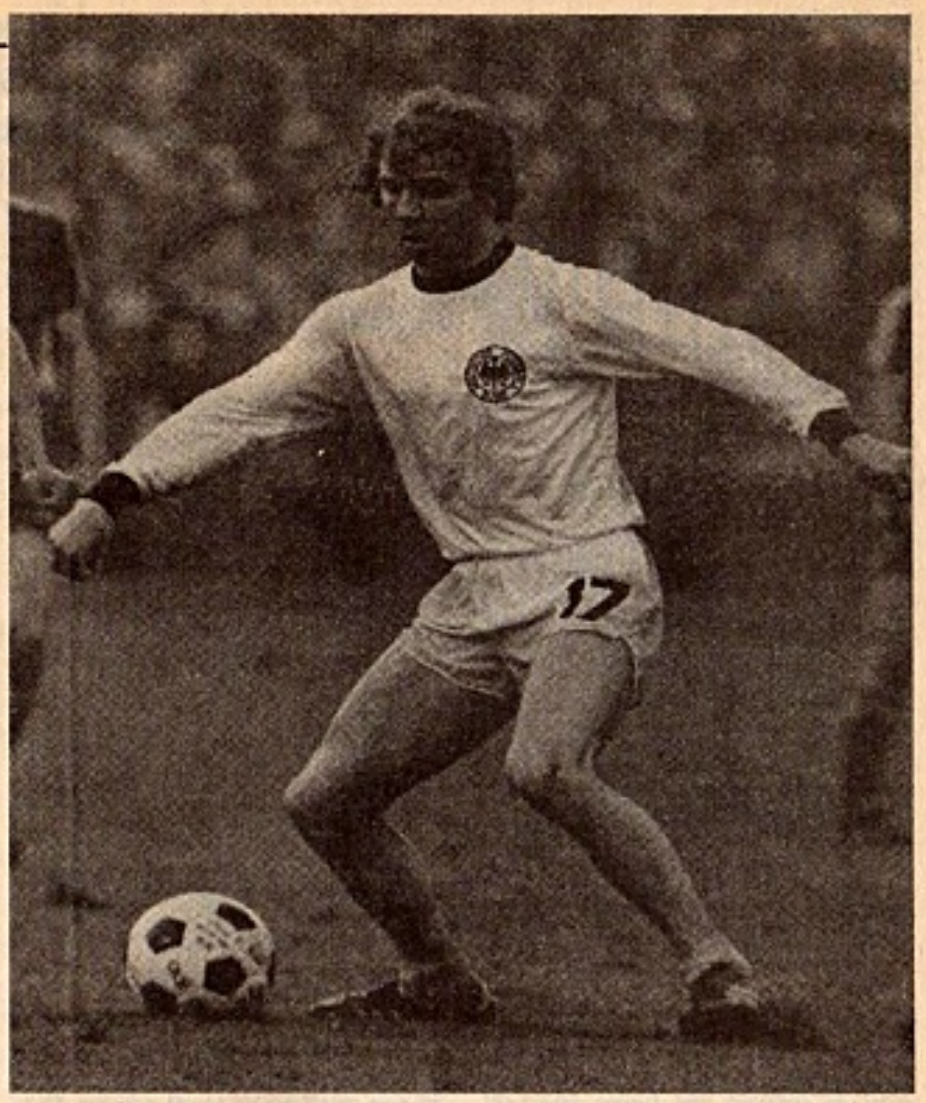
"I was very lucky," says Franz, and points to team colleague Gerd Müller, who this season alone has already missed more matches through injury (12), than Beckenbauer altogether since 1965!

Luckier still is only Bayern's goalkeeper Sepp Maier: He has played in 357 out of a possible 361, missing therefore only three games! And Maier has now played in every *Bundesliga* match for nearly ten years — since August 27, 1966, in a consecutive series of 326 games . . .

The all-time record of appearances is, however, held by another famous international, Wolfgang Overath, whose club FC Cologne have been in the *Bundesliga* since its creation in 1963. Overath has now performed in 372 League matches, out of a possible 420. Behind him stand Maier (357), Beckenbauer (350) and Höttges (Werder Bremen) with 348 games.

Beckenbauer gained his 96th cap in the international against Malta, which as expected the Germans won by 8-0 and thus qualified for the quarter-finals of the European Championship where they meet Spain. In a totally one-sided game before, surprisingly, a capacity crowd of 54,000 at the Westfalen-Stadion in Dortmund, goalkeeper Maier celebrating his 32nd birthday and 66th cap, did not have a single shot to save!

But most eyes were focused on the new centre forward hope Ronnie Worm (22), from MSV Duisburg, who after his successful début v Turkey (with two goals), repeated the dose with a couple more against the hapless Maltese. The centre forward position has become something of an "Achilles heel" in the German team recently.



Triumph

It is an astonishing fact, that since the great Müller (68 goals in 62 internationals), decided not to play for the national team any more, immediately after the World Cup triumph in July, 1974, manager Schön has since tried eight centre forwards and before Ronnie Worm came on the scene, the first seven central strikers failed to score a single goal between them from that particular position!

1. Bernd Hölzenbein 29 (Eintracht Frankfurt). This outside left in the World Cup final, played against Switzerland for 45 minutes and a full match in Athens v Greece as centre forward, but he could not change his style and operated mostly from midfield.

2. Wolfgang Seel 27 (Fortuna Düsseldorf). Was given his chance, also for half a game v Switzerland, plus full time v Bulgaria and Holland. But he too is not a born leader, nor a striker, rather a maker than taker of chances.

3. Erwin Kostedde 29 (Hertha Berlin). In his first trial against England at Wembley he was lost on the heavy ground and had to be substituted after 70 minutes. His next opportunity against Greece fizzled out after a good start; it is obvious that this fine technician lacks speed.

4. Jupp Heynckes 30 (Borussia Mönchengladbach). Came on as a substitute for Kostedde against England at centre forward, but manager Schön already knows his aversion to the central role. Heynckes is at his best on the left wing, for he needs space to be effective.

Potential

5. Bernd Gersdorff 29 (Eintracht Brunswick). His test against Austria was doomed from the start. This striker does not adapt easily to new team mates, as was shown by his short lived stay with Bayern Munich. As a midfielder with scoring potential with Eintracht outstanding — as a centre forward in the national team Gersdorff lacked spark.

6. Ferdinand Keller 29 (1860 Munich). In the 20 minutes on the field v Austria he looked promising. But he is handicapped by playing for a Second Division club, is too old and suffers from indifferent spells of form. This inconsistency is his greatest drawback.

7. Erich Beer 29 (Hertha Berlin). Out of all the midfield players whom Schön has tried to convert into central strikers, Beer has made the strongest impression. But he too is not a real "rapier" in the mould of typical leaders in attack. This technician prefers to come from deep and perform the duties of a schemer.

All these men shared one "fault" in common: They were constantly being compared with their great predecessors Uwe Seeler and Gerd Müller, and it is not their fault that they did not measure up to that famous image!

Whether Worm is really the answer to this problem spot will be seen in the tough European Championship battles with Spain next month and in May. Helmut Schön is unlikely to change the team which in its last two internationals scored 13 goals without reply! The West Germans want to retain their European Championship title. Looking beyond that, they will miss the competitive qualifying matches for the World Cup of 1978, for whose final series they have booked their place automatically as holders.

Leading *Bundesliga* scorers, after 22 games: Beer (Hertha Berlin) and Fischer (Schalke) both 17; Kostedde (Hertha) 13; Worm (Duisburg), Simonsen (Borussia Mg), Toppmöller (Kaiserslautern), Hrubesch (Rotweiss Essen) and Wenzel (Eintracht Frankfurt) all on 12 goals.

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

DESERV UNION

UNION ESPANOLA of Santiago, runners-up last year, won the Chilean First Division deservedly without outstanding play, but showing organised, sober football without any risks.

A 4-3-3 defensive formation (under coach Luis Santibañez who also took them to their last title in 1973), carefully shielding their goal area and relying on counter-attack with three forwards — which nevertheless brought them 76 goals (with 34 against) in 34 league matches — did the trick, in spite of the fact that they sold two key players to Mexican clubs (forward Ahumada and half Las Heras, both internationals) before the end of the season.

With a majority of experienced players — nine of their first team are internationals and all but one of their defensive department played in the 1973 title winning team — they really should have won the title earlier instead of only making sure in their last match when a 7-1 victory over Santiago Morning gave them a two-point margin over vice-champions Concepción. But a point to be taken into consideration is that they came from behind with matches in hand which they had postponed earlier in the season while playing in the Libertadores Cup. Thus, in a tiring season, they did just enough to win without risks.

Santiago club, Palestino, winners of the Chilean KO Cup and fourth in the league, will be Chile's other representatives in the Libertadores Cup after winning a four-team (2nd to 5th place) tournament for which they would also have automatically have qualified as cup winners.

Chile's soccer hasn't got back to the standard of 1973-4 when the national team reached the World Cup finals and Colo Colo the final of the Libertadores Cup. There may have been slight improvement as far as Union Española and vice-champions Concepción are concerned as they have shown better physical and tactical preparation, but the national team failed to reach the last four in the South American Championship after gaining only three points out of eight in group play against Peru and Bolivia and ended the year with a dismal 1-1-4 record . . . and no wonder, with no less than 25 top players going to foreign clubs in 1975, which is something Chile's "production" cannot easily replace.

Outstanding player of the year was undoubtedly centre-back Mario Soto — the only member of Union Española's defence who was not in the 1973 championship winning line-up — followed closely by team-mate Antonio Arias (defence). Others to shine were Colo Colo's goalkeeper Adolfo Nef, Everton rightwinger Jorge Gonzalez and Union Española's Argentine forward, Victor Pizarro, the season's leading scorer.

IN URUGUAY, a six-team tournament (with the clubs which had obtained the best placings in the season's two championships) to qualify two clubs for the Libertadores Cup, did not go off without incident.

Winners Peñarol beat Liverpool 2-0 in a match which was stopped 35 minutes before the end when the losers were left with six men. Two players had been sent off in the first half and Liverpool didn't want to come out after the interval, accusing the referee of being partial. Finally they took the field, but after 10 minutes, when Peñarol scored their second goal, half Rivero was sent off for insulting the referee. This brought a general protest from Liverpool players and two more were sent off, which left the team with less than the required number.

Then Nacional beat second-placed Danubio 3-1 to finish third and thus qualify for a play-off with the former as Major League champions, but post match urine samples gave positive dope results on one Nacional player, Carrasco. The player was suspended (the case was not fully settled at press-time), but the result was allowed to stand and Nacional won again in the play-off (2-0) to enter the Libertadores Cup.

Fernando Morena, World Cup centre-forward and leading scorer in Uruguay last season, who had decided not to play for his country again after being blamed for defeat by fans after a South American Championship match, was coaxed back to the fold by new national team coach, José Maria Rodriguez . . . and in spite of insistent transfer rumours linking him with foreign clubs, he is likely to stay in Uruguay at least until August. This is the decision of Montevideo club River Plate for whom Morena played before he moved to Peñarol, but who still own 75 per cent of him. This "two-club" ownership has hampered transfer negotiations.

IN ARGENTINA, 48 hours before the season was due to start, the players union was threatening to call a strike if River Plate fielded their newly acquired Uruguayan goalkeeper, Omar Correa, while Argentine (and all foreign) players were banned from playing for Uruguayan clubs; players of champions River Plate refused to take the field unless their contracts were fixed up (and the difference between what they wanted and what the club offered was great); and the First Division B (second division) clubs refused to kick off until the FA reversed their earlier decision to promote only one club instead of two as last season. (At the same time First

Centre back Mario Soto of Union Espanola, Chile's outstanding player of the 1975 season.

ED WIN FOR ESPANOLA

Division clubs wanted to postpone relegation.)

Everything was fixed up temporarily and the season started with the players' union agreeing to call off the strike while the matter of Uruguay's ban would be taken up at the meeting of the South American Football Confederation later in the month; River Plate players agreed to take the field when a sub-committee was formed to continue their contract negotiations with them individually during the following week; and First Division B clubs agreed to give the FA another week to study their demand.

The government had a hand in all these negotiations to safeguard the government-run football pools which leave them a big profit . . . but, no doubt, there is more trouble ahead.

Boca Juniors were the biggest buyers as they renovated their team under new coach Juan Carlos Lorenzo, acquiring several leading players, although none known internationally except ex-Independiente defender Sa and former international goalkeeper Gatti (ex-Union). They were doing as River Plate did last year in the hope that it would also lead them to the title.

But Boca Juniors recuperated half their outlay by selling half Nicolau and forward Potente who had walked out of training camp after failing to agree on new contract terms. Thus not much cash actually changed hands — there isn't much around — while around a hundred players moved between the 22 First Division clubs, either transferred, on loan or exchange. (It is no use mentioning actual figures as the low peso rate would make them look very insignificant in relation to world values.)

Close season

The continual exodus of players had also slowed down with only 13 having gone abroad during the close season (up to press-time), all to South American clubs, but only 10 were Argentines and only one (defender Paolino) from the current national team squad.

The First Division is this season being played in two sections of 11 clubs each (meeting each other plus one classic rival from the other section home and away). Then the top six from each section play for the title and the rest for relegation.

In the second game champions River Plate, virtually unchanged from last season, met classic rivals Boca Juniors for the 105th time in pro soccer and the match ended in a poor 0-0 draw on River's field where Boca played for a draw from the outset. This left the record at 40 wins for Boca, 39 for River and 26 draws.

Huracan, playing the best soccer in the opening games, and Estudiantes were jointly leading Section A and Gimnasia (La Plata) in Section B as the only three clubs with full points from their two games.

But as I write, Estudiantes are threatened with the loss of two points for bringing on a suspended player as substitute in their second match and River Plate are threatened with an international scandal.

They bought forward Barreiro from Cerro Porteño (Paraguay) last season for 110,000 dollars and have now sold him to Cerro's Asunción arch rivals, Olimpia, without ever having paid a cent to Cerro.

IN BRAZIL, the close season was set alight by the unprecedented six-player transfer between two clubs without a cent exchanging hands.

Big Rio de Janeiro clubs, Fluminense and Flamengo exchanged six top liners — Ze Roberto, Roberto and Tonino (Fluminense) for Doval (an Argentine), Renato and Rodrigues Neto (Flamengo). More curious was the fact that each exchanged player played in the same position, being forwards, goalkeepers and defenders in the order mentioned.

Union Espanola, standing left to right: Machuca, Arias, Soto, Enoch, Inostroza, Berly. Kneeling: Miranda, Toro, Ahumada, Palacios, Walz.

IN PERU the 1975 season was still in progress with the top six clubs playing the final round but carrying on with points so far.

URUGUAY
Libertadores Cup qualifying tournament

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
PENAROL	5	4	1	0	15	3	9
Danubio	5	2	3	0	11	6	7
NACIONAL	5	2	2	1	7	8	6
Huracan Buceo .	5	2	2	1	12	10	6
River Plate	5	1	0	4	4	7	2
Liverpool	5	0	0	5	4	18	0

(Nacional earned right to play off for second place, as Major League champions, against Danubio and won 2-0.)

PERU: National Championship
(one match to go and five more for leading six clubs in final round)

1) Alianza Lima 33 matches/48 pts; 2) Alfonso Ugarte 32/43; 3) Universitario de Deportes 33/40; 4) Melgar 32/36; 5) Sporting Cristal, Deportivo Junin, Juan Aurich 35; 8) Carlos Manucci, Atletico Chalaco 32/33; 10) Deportivo Municipal 33/31; 11) Colegio Nacional Iquitos 32/30, Sport Boys 33/30; 13) Union Huaral, Union Tuman, Defensor Lima 33/28; 16) Cienciano 33/27; 17) Leon de Huanuco 32/24; 18) Atletico Grau 32/22.

ECUADOR: National Championship
1) Liga Deportiva Universitaria; 2) Deportivo Cuenca (final).

BOLIVIA: National Championship
1) Guabira; 2) Bolivar (final).

Knapp helps come in from

TONY KNAPP wasn't interested in a coaching job in Iceland when the first mention was made, even though he was out of a job. "I said 'No' straightaway," the former Leicester and Southampton stopper told me. "But then, I thought there was no harm in finding out a few things and the FA had recommended me as well. So I listened to the people on the phone and agreed to go out there and have a look . . ."

The job offered was with a first division club, KR Reykjavik, and, as Knapp admitted, that didn't seem much of an attraction. What did intrigue him, though, was a remark made in passing that, take this job and he could become national team manager too.

That was two years ago. Knapp took both jobs. And in that time Iceland have at last come in from the cold, with, as a high point, that European Championship victory over East Germany.

On the face of it, Iceland seems the most unlikely place to discover latent talent. After all, they have been playing international soccer only since 1946, and few of their players have caused much of a stir.

The greatest was Albert Gudmundsson, who played after the war as an amateur with Arsenal, then went on to Milan, Nice and Racing Club de Paris before returning to Iceland to take a leading role as an official. Thorolf Beck, another inside forward, played with some success in Scotland in the early 1960s. Now there's Johannes Edvaldsson, Iceland's footballer of the year, who stepped straight into Celtic's first team last autumn.

Knapp deserves most of the credit.

"When I went to Iceland he wasn't even a national team player. He was playing in midfield for Valur. I saw him for the first time two years ago when I was looking for a No. 2 centre half, who could read the game and the conditions and use the ball from the back. I didn't have to look for more than half an hour to know I'd found him. I brought him into the national team and made him captain straightaway because he's one of these players able to take the others through a game and get the best out of them.

Big problem

"He's done extremely well for me and to become a professional with Celtic reflects on the progress of Icelandic football."

Also on the work of Tony Knapp.

"We have an even better player who went to Standard Liege (Ausgier Sigurvinsson) and he is tremendous. Once he has this experience, Johannes may be as good. We've sent another player to sign for Charleroi — he's named Leifsson — so I've lost three of my best players."

Knapp's success has thus, in one way, rebounded on him. And at the wrong time too, since Iceland have been drawn in a World Cup qualifying group with Holland, Belgium and Northern Ireland.

"The big problem I've now got is to get onto the clubs and the FAs concerned to ask if we can get them back for the World Cup matches. Since we've done so well we've become a breeding ground. A lot of football countries are turning their eyes to Iceland. One of the biggest is Scotland. I think four other players have gone to train with various clubs there and the only reason they have come back is because they haven't accepted the terms."

Knapp moved around a bit during his own career — after a false start. "The first club I played for was Nottingham Forest. Nobody knows anything about that. I wasn't considered much good — perhaps because I was an inside forward then — and before I went to Leicester I went back into the pit. Then I went to Leicester, after that Southampton. From there I went up to Coventry City. They had a big changeover when Jimmy Hill went into television and so I went to America.

"I went to Los Angeles Wolves as a player but I was also supposed to be second-in-command to Ray Wood. I had 18 months out there and then I moved back to England and went to Bristol City on the understanding that I get fit. I left after one season, as we'd agreed, and spent the last two years with Tranmere."

After that Knapp was player-manager of Southern League Poole Town, before joining first division Norwich as reserve team manager under Ron Saunders. Knapp's reserves were top of their league but when Saunders was dismissed, John Bond took over, and Knapp was out too. It was only after a couple of months kicking his heels that the Iceland offer came up.

Even the chance to be national team manager didn't excite him at first.

"I said: 'Have you *really* got a national team? Who have you been playing?' And I was told that they'd been beaten 8-0 by Holland and 14-2 by Denmark! The thing that turned it, though, was when I inquired, out of politeness really, about their international programme. They were just sorting themselves out for the European Championship."

True amateurs

Iceland had been drawn in with East Germany, Belgium and France — formidable!

"That's when I started to think seriously about it. I thought: 'Well, it would be two jobs so it would be hard. But I might as well.' So I've had two years in the European Championship and during that time they've done unbelievably well. Particularly since they're probably the last true amateurs. They get no money — apart from being reimbursed for wages lost. And from the days when they were getting beaten 14, eight and six, the worst defeat we had was from the French (2-0) which I put down to the 18-hour trip we'd had the day before."

We'll come back to the remarkable circumstances of that French game a little later.

"The first year we played two championship matches — Belgium at home and East Germany away. We lost 2-0 to Belgium but the big result was that we went to East Germany, to Magdeburg, and drew 1-1 with the only team who, in the World Cup, had beaten West Germany."

That was good enough, but there was better to come.

"We started last season (May-September 1975) with a stiff match against France — and drew 0-0 in Iceland. This was played without our boys having played any league matches, against the French who had just come to the end of their season. None of my players had played on grass yet. All the club friendlies beforehand had been on gravel.

"Then ten days later we had the second leg with East Germany and won 2-1. That was out of this world. Unbelievable. It started the ball rolling and everyone we were due to play was now present at our games. The Russians came for those two games and filmed our entire next match against Norway. That was real progress, when people like Russia were coming to watch.

Iceland the cold

"We played Norway, drew 1-1 in Iceland, then lost just 1-0 against Russia in Iceland — a tremendous result since the goal was only an own goal. Then we had an annual friendly against people from the Faroe Islands, which we won by six goals, so that gave us another boost."

The recent Cod War between Britain and Iceland has upset Knapp's plans for an early trip back to work to Reykjavik to prepare for the new season. The FA advised him that it might not quite be advisable for him to return while trawlers and gunboats were at cross purposes. But when Knapp is back it'll be solely as Iceland's first-ever full-time national manager/coach. And the reasons are rooted in the chaotic climax to his season last September.

Remember that Knapp was also coach to KR Reykjavik . . .

"I told them at the end of last season that I could not combine both jobs. We finished up with two important club matches — an FA Cup semi-final and an important league match in one week. The following Monday I was due to take the national team off on a three-match European tour of nine days. We would have to play two vital Championship games against France and Belgium. Then Russia in Moscow.

European tour

"In the week before the tour, we (KR, that is) played the Cup game on the Wednesday and it went to extra time and we got beaten 2-1. Then came the league match, and it was to decide who would stay up in the first division. The match was set for the Saturday. If we had won the Cup match and lost this league match there was no way I could have gone with the national team. We would then have had one match to play which we would have had to win — and, remember, for me the European tour was the climax of two years' work!

"The league match was postponed on Saturday and played the next day — at 7.30 in the evening — and I had envisaged at least getting the national team players together on Sunday. Anyway we won 1-0 and stayed up — but I didn't know until half-past nine on the Sunday night whether I was going with the national team the next day!

"We flew out at 5.30 on Monday morning. I know of no other national team boss facing anything like that."

On the Tuesday Iceland lost 2-0 in France, one of those goals only coming in the last five minutes "when we were on our knees." Then came what Knapp rates Iceland's best performance, a 1-0 defeat by Belgium "against one of the best teams in Europe," and again the margin of defeat was only 1-0 in Moscow.

"You know," said Knapp, "on the way back I was looking at Rothmans, at the lists of registered players. We have 11,000, of which I reckoned only 20 could play well enough for me, and one or two of those I was dubious about. Compare that with Russia, who have 4½ million registered!"

But if that tour killed off any way-out dreams about Iceland making the European Championship last eight, there is the consolation that Iceland will probably be in Hungary in May with the elite of Europe's youth teams in the UEFA Tournament finals. All they have to do is repeat a victory over Luxembourg in April. That's one of the reasons Knapp has been impatient to return to Reykjavik.

His is an impressive record, all achieved against the odds.

"First, to coach in Iceland you have to be able to cope with the weather. If you can coach there you can coach anywhere in the world. There's a hell of a lot of rain, but the biggest problems are the gales and there is ice and snow too, so you don't get onto proper pitches until the first match of the season, if then. In fact, out of the 16 first division matches at the start of last season, eight had to be switched at the last minute from grass to gravel."

But there are plenty of bonuses.

"The players, especially the ones in the national team, are the best I have ever worked with — particularly when you bear in mind they do not get any money, just play for pride. All I have been able to do is to help them and get the whole thing on a professional basis. Now the players don't go out thinking in terms of being beaten four or five — they go out expecting to win."

What about get-togethers?

"Well, I can get them together for two days before an international, and we are hoping to increase the get-togethers to once a week. The good thing is that it is so small an island. And the players come from just about three teams."

A bit of one-upmanship on Don Revie there. As Knapp points out, the FA have to be careful not to tread on the clubs' toes too much, but he's full of praise for the FA itself and the president, Ellert B. Schram, a former international whose father was president before him. The players' employers, too, could teach plenty of clubs throughout the world a lesson.

"The employers have been tremendous to us because they have seen the progress and they are a proud race— they know they are seeing an Iceland team working being proud of. They've been very kind to the players, in some cases even paying them when they are away. The only difficulty, obviously, is when we make a tour."

No language problems either for Knapp.

"I've always made a point of doing my stuff on the blackboard first where they can see it and then we go out onto the pitch with a football. Having said that, in the squad of players I take, I don't think there's one who doesn't have an understanding of English."

But if Knapp isn't fluent in the language yet, there's no doubting his assimilation into the community. He talks proudly of "We" — meaning Iceland — and clearly made a big effort to "think Icelandic" which paid off.

"I can always remember, before the first big international, I said to the players: 'Don't think of me as being British. I am your national coach and I think in terms of being an Icelander.' And until I become one of them I have no way of knowing what's going on inside their minds. The biggest thing for me is being accepted and respected, not only by the players but also by the people of Iceland."

That need for respect is all the more important when it comes to motivating men who are true amateurs.

"It's relatively easy to motivate players with money — but I have to do it on the basis of national pride. It is a big job. I can't believe there will be another team in the World Cup playing in these circumstances. And the World Cup will be the peak of my career. Think of the people I will be pitting my wits against . . ."

Knapp recognises, naturally, that just as Icelandic football has benefited from his organisation, instruction and encouragement, so he has gained too.

"The biggest thing I've learned is what it's all about, being on your own when there's no-one you can pick up the phone and ask for advice. The biggest experiences in life are when you are in a situation and have to make your own decisions. I'm learning the hard way, serving my apprenticeship. I think a lot of managers don't do that and that's perhaps where English football is going wrong. Because someone has been a great player doesn't give them the right to become a manager. It's different on the other side of the fence."

Are English referees

MAX MARQUIS thin

DECLIN STAND

THERE WAS a time when English football and English refereeing were the best in Europe, if not the world. Sadly, the standard of our refereeing has gone the way of our play in the past few years, and now we must have some of the worst referees, and the lowest general standard of refereeing, in the non-Latin countries.

A look down the list of League referees these days is a depressing business. It is a grey horde of largely incompetent officials, relieved by far too few bright lights of men with real ability. The mass of our referees often display no understanding of football and of human nature; there are men who abjectly abdicate from their responsibilities; there are some who seem to use their brief borrowed authority to promote their own personalities.

On the current list there is, inter alia, an unfit buffoon who roars at players and calls them to him for a schoolboy's reprimand with a bellow clearly meant to be heard at the back of the bankings. He is not even the courageous man he would have you believe: he opts out. Sometimes when there is a crunch decision to be made, he walks slowly to a linesman and consults with him.

"How's that for honesty and co-operation!" the uninformed commentators say. (More of *them* later.) "He admits he was unsighted, and he trusts his linesman."

With many other referees, that would be the case, but not with this man. It happens too often. One snowflake doesn't make a winter, but when you can't see over the top of the drifts, the odds are it isn't July.

First-class

Some referees on the list give the impression they would be hard put to it to find a reasonable reply to "Good afternoon." Another man has many of the qualities a first-class referee requires: he is fit, alert and understands the game. Unfortunately his self-esteem is boundless. I heard him address a local referees' society shortly after he was appointed to the League list.

Pride in his appointment would have been understandable and praiseworthy, but his conceit was heavy on the air. This official is well-known as an Establishment man: the Referee in the Grey Flannel Suit. He has ability, and he also has the priceless gift for success: in addition to an ingratiating smile, he does not rock the Establishment boat.

There is one League referee who whizzes around agitatedly like a potential customer for tranquillizers bought by the bucket. He's the last official to quieten a heated situation — the sort of man who turns up at a fire with a can of petrol.

There is no need to labour this point. Unhappily, it is not even the major one. More serious in its effects and implications is one bad example which comes from the top. Jack Taylor, OBE, is one of the world's best-known referees; and in games *outside* England he is one of the world's best officials as well. He controlled the World Cup Final impeccably, but the manner in which he refereed that game is not the way he does at home (as Eric Batty pointed out last month).

In England Mr Taylor seems to believe that a sharp word from him to a football malefactor is more effective than a caution. His attitude of looking balefully at a transgressor, eyeball to eyeball, from under lowering brows, his head tilted forward, is well-known.

The only trouble is, it doesn't work. Players know they can kick small corners off each other, and all they will get is The Look. It's a small price to pay for intimidating an opponent: The Look doesn't carry any penalty points with it. A booking, on the other hand, is more than a caution to the player concerned: it is a general notice of standards to the other 21 as well.

Of course, there are some offences that are best dealt with by a ticking-off rather than a caution. Equally, there are some that demand a booking and not a talking-to. (There are some referees who display a transparent arrogance: "A word from *Me* is more important than a booking.")

Mr Taylor, then is not the only referee who believes that his verbal chastisement is punishment enough. But even if the behaviour of all these officials is because of misjudgement rather than self-esteem, the results are just as lamentable. The egregious Mr Sinclair and Mr Nippard display marked symptoms of suffering from the Strong Words syndrome, although anything like dissent or a rude remark has them reaching for the book.

It is only fair to say that Mr Sinclair, for one, does not caution *only* for dissent. In the recent Chelsea-Southampton League match, Garner of Chelsea fouled Blyth rather painfully, and then fouled him again a matter of minutes later. At the second foul Blyth intimated to Garner that he was displeased for being used so ill . . . and Mr Sinclair booked him. Blyth, that is.

At the other end of the spectrum Welshman Clive Thomas, arguably Britain's best referee, was once known irreverently as Thomas the Book. It seemed impossible for him to get through a match without a couple of bookings, and it was rumoured that his reports were not exactly models of self-effacement. These facts detracted from his undeniable perception and very considerable talents as a referee. What happened? Suddenly he was taking far fewer Division I matches . . .

Now the signs are that he is right back in favour. The only trouble is, these days he seems loathe to caution anyone for anything less than manslaughter. It doesn't take 20/20 insight to see that somebody has had a word with Mr Thomas.

Another factor in the sad decline of our refereeing standards — not a major one, but a factor nevertheless — is the uninformed comment from professional observers who should know better. At a recent match I sat next to a reporter of many years' standing. When a player screened the ball — turned so that his body was between his opponent and the ball at his feet — this journalist said: "Isn't that a foul? Stopping the other player getting at it?"

Accidental

What about the TV commentator who said something like this: "Oooah, that was a nasty looking foul. And painful. Now . . . (Referee's name) has given a free kick, but is he going to book him? No, he's just giving him a talking-to. *He must have thought it was an accidental foul.*"

Another man, influential in TV, recently declared his approval of tactics like body-checking. "If I was a manager, and one of my players brought down a man who was going through, I'd say 'You shouldn't have done that', and then afterwards I'd say quietly 'Well done'."

Well, really!

"You have to do *something* when an opponent's going through," this man explained. If what you can get away with is the criterion, where do you draw the line — shooting the opponent? Or just cracking his skull?

The latest foolishness is to congratulate referees for playing "the advantage rule."

the best in the world?

ks not and points out our

NING DARDS

(There isn't such a thing: there's a *clause* in *Law* 5 about it.) Mere possession is supposed to be an advantage; but it isn't always. Far from it. Law 5 says the "Referee shall . . . Refrain from penalizing in cases where he is satisfied that, by doing so, he would give an advantage to the offending side."

What do we hear? "The referee hasn't given a free kick, because X (the fouled player) has got possession," more than one commentator has said — and said it when the ball has been deep in the offended-against side's half, and the player "in possession" is badly off balance.

A minor point? Maybe, but they all add up. Referees look at television, too, and to suggest that they aren't affected by the mass media is as fatuous as suggesting that you give free kicks, but not cautions, for "accidental fouls."

Fortunately we do have some good referees — even very good ones — including men like K. Burns, B. J. Homewood (who seems to have come through a bad patch), R. Matthewson and T. H. Reynolds. Mr A. W. Gray, a comparative newcomer, made a good impression on the players and the crowd on the one occasion I saw him this year.

Criticism is easy, of course — and agreeable when you have a strong sense of grievance. But what can be done to raise the level of refereeing?

Overnight

(i) Bring back The Revolution — the so-called Referees' Revolution which did an enormous amount of good to our game. When the League told referees to apply the laws of the game properly, shock waves went right through the League overnight.

No longer were the most successful players those with the highest thresholds of pain, or those who could jump highest over combine-harvester tackles. The more delicate skills flourished; clever ball players were at last able to practise their arts without being booted up the back of the legs: going over the ball and other unpleasant tactics brought instant and drastic disciplinary action. Why, Leeds actually announced they were going to behave like gentlemen in future!

But like nearly all revolutions, it lost momentum; its spirit atrophied. The return of The Revolution would mean more skill, less retaliation. (A man who knows the referee is going to deal properly with a villain is much less likely to be provoked into back-lashing.)

(ii) We have now come to the point where we must have full-time, professional referees. The argument that being a part-time referee means that a man preserves some independence is fallacious. We have part-time (or amateur) magistrates, but the important trials are presided over by professional judges. There is another point: a full-time, professional official is much more likely to have the best motives for taking up refereeing: a career.

And with full-time referees, we should be spared the embarrassing spectacle of overweight or under-trained referees wheezing in the centre circle when the action is in a penalty area. We'd have more men as fleet as Clive Thomas and Pat Partridge, and none like . . . well, you know.

Hearings

I'm told there is one League referee who cannot get time off from his work to attend disciplinary hearings. (I wish he couldn't get time off to referee, either. He's terrible.) So you can imagine how many men *he* books. Think of a policeman who couldn't get time off to attend court!

Full-time professional referees would put an end to that lunatic situation; and they could be given much more intensive training by experienced referees, managers and players about what is and what isn't illegal play, what the dirty tricks are . . .

(iii) Introduce a much more rapid system of promotion for referees. I've said it before: if a man is mature enough to captain his country at 25 years of age, he's mature enough to referee a League match. (Officers of 21 commanded troops twice their age in the last war.)

Clive Thomas — the best referee in England?

But look at the League list, stuffed with referees who have had to drag their way up the long ladder, loaded down with the dead weight of the Law of Buggin's Turn, or something like it. The young, eager and *able* referees are there to be found in minor football, if a hundredth part of the effort that is spent on finding new players is devoted to finding promising referees.

One good player cannot make a match; but one bad referee can ruin a hundred. We all know that: we've seen it.

World Soccer newsdesk . . . World Soccer newsdesk . . .

TIGHT BATTLE IN HOLLAND

Jan Svehlik of Czechoslovakia

THE RACE for the championship shows no sign of becoming a clear cut issue. PSV Eindhoven, Feyenoord and Ajax are still locked together at the top with 35 points each while Twente are just one point behind them.

However, after a useful run NEC Nijmegen appear to be faltering after losing 1-0 away to EEV Eindhoven which was only their third defeat of the season. Now NEC are five points behind the leaders.

Twente had a brief moment of glory at the top a couple of weeks ago when they defeated Ajax in a rearranged match by three clear goals. Played on a Wednesday evening before a crowd of 22,000, goals by Pahlplatz, Achterberg and Arnold Muhren and ex-Ajax player sank the Amsterdam club who were without their top scorer Ruud Geels.

Ajax were also bounced out of the cup in no uncertain fashion by the same score only this time it was little more than a humiliation for coach Rinus Michels and company because they lost to PEC Zwolle, a Second Division side.

Spurred on by an enthusiastic 13,000 crowd at Zwolle, the locals chose the right psychological moments to score, getting their first goal a minute before half-time and their second two minutes after the restart. And a third from a penalty for hands made it a sorry day for Ajax.

PSV reached the final in spectacular fashion, however, beating local rivals EEV 8-1 in the semi-final after a quarter-final victory by the same score against De Graafschap.

They will meet Roda JC in the final and having just beaten them 1-0 away in the League, PSV must be fairly confident of success. But Roda did well in their quarter-final, eliminating Feyenoord 3-2. In fact but for some sterling saves in goal by Eddy Treytel the Roda triumph could well have been greater.

Brazil and Uruguay go through . . .

BRAZIL and Uruguay were first and second respectively in the Olympic qualifying tournament (South American zone) played in Recife, Brazil, in January, thus qualifying to play in Montreal.

With the only "amateurs" in South America being junior players, results were expected to be similar to those in the South American Junior Championship (in Peru) last August when Uruguay won after a play off with Chile. But several youngsters may have signed professional contracts since then and Brazil were favoured by home advantage.

Four of the original 10 entries withdrew at the last moment and Argentina were almost the fifth. First the Argentine FA pleaded lack of funds and under pressure from the organisers (Brazil), it pleaded that no amateurs were available (which was probably nearer the truth). At the very last moment the decision was changed and as there was not even enough time to pick a team, they sent national reserve league champions, Newell's Old Boys — players who had not yet signed their first professional contracts with the club but nevertheless do receive some kind of payment.

They finished third, but of course it wasn't the best way to win qualification and showed lack of interest from the start.

WORLD CUP DATES

AFRICA
28. 3.76 Mauritania v Upper Volta.

CONCACAF
2. 4.76 Dominican Republic v Haiti.
17. 4.76 Haiti v Dominican Republic.

EUROPE
Group 3
17.11.76 German DR v Turkey.
2. 4.77 Malta v German DR.
29.10.77 German DR v Malta.
16.11.77 Turkey v German DR.

Group 4
5. 9.76 Iceland v Belgium.
8. 9.76 Iceland v Netherlands.
13.10.76 Netherlands v Northern Ireland.
10.11.76 Belgium v Northern Ireland.
26. 3.77 Belgium v Netherlands.
11. 6.77 Iceland v Northern Ireland.
31. 8.77 Netherlands v Iceland.
4. 9.77 Belgium v Iceland.
21. 9.77 Northern Ireland v Iceland.
12.10.77 Northern Ireland v Netherlands.
26.10.77 Netherlands v Belgium.
16.11.77 Northern Ireland v Belgium.

Group 5
9.10.76 Bulgaria v France.
17.11.76 France v Eire.
30. 3.77 Eire v France.
16.11.77 France v Bulgaria.

Group 7
13.10.76 Czechoslovakia v Scotland.
17.11.76 Scotland v. Wales
30. 3.77 Wales v Czechoslovakia.
21. 9.77 Scotland v Czechoslovakia.
12.10.77 Wales v Scotland.
16.11.77 Czechoslovakia v Wales.

World Soccer newsdesk . . . World Soccer newsdesk . . .

Policemen at Rome's Olympic Stadium stand ready to unleash specially trained dogs against fans trying to invade the pitch. The deterrent, used for the first time in an Italian league game between Lazio and Sampdoria, proved effective and the match passed without incident. The game ended 1-1.

BRUGES AHEAD

FC BRUGES' five point lead in the Belgian championship was reduced when they were beaten 1-0 by Anderlecht. It enabled the winners to climb over second place Lokeren and since Anderlecht still have a match in hand over the leaders, they must have a chance of further improvement.

Lokeren have done well and the combination of Welfried Puis, Wlodzimierz Lubanski and Johan Devrindt has produced some effective football at times.

Bruges had a runaway win in the cup over a lower division club Eecloo — who clearly didn't have one! — as they were beaten 9-2. Van der Eycken scored four goals in this match.

The three top goalscorers in Belgium are all Dutchmen. Leading scorer is Hans Posthumus of Lierse with 22 goals, followed by Aad Koudijzer of Waregem and Robby Rensenbrink of Anderlecht who both have 19.

Another foreigner making the news in the scoring line is Emmanuel Sanon, the Haitian who gained fame in the 1974 World Cup by beating Dino Zoff the Italian goalkeeper after he had gone match after match without conceding a goal.

Sanon has been playing in defence for Beerschot, but their coach Rik Coppens decided to push him back up to the front line and he had the satisfaction of scoring in a 1-1 draw with RWD Molenbeek the current champions, who are now well out of the running to retain their title.

Much of the interest on the national team front has come from the news that Belgium are to send a touring party to Red China this summer, presumably the latest step in the long-drawn out process in getting the Chinese into FIFA membership.

Malta–Libya draw

A LAST minute equaliser for Malta netted by substitute youngster Oliver Losco spared coach Terrenzio Polverini of his blushes, relating to what apparently seemed to appear as an imminent humiliating defeat at the hands of 'fellow minnows' Libya.

The North Africans, superior technically, tactically and athletically, seemed liable to cruise towards their second victory on Maltese soil following a breath-taking first half display.

The Libyans were subsequently allowed a free hand in midfield and following a series of near misses and squandered opportunities, a beautiful methodical interchange between Fezzani and Ryani saw the latter shoot past a helpless Sciberras.

The white shirted Libyans literally toyed with their opponents, and pressed home their advantage, following the resumption, through an unstoppable shot by Said.

Following this event, the Maltese at last began to come into it and pulled one back in the 19th minute through substitute Losco.

On the stroke of time, Losco headed the equaliser.

TACTICS? WHO NEEDS THEM SAYS MACKAY

by BRIAN GLANVILLE

DAVE MACKAY, manager of Derby County, recently expressed once again his contempt for tactics. "Tactics? You need tactics if you don't have players. At Derby we've got the best squad in the country. Beyond the basic organisation there's nothing rigid." He also reminded us that "in the old days at Tottenham," where he was a dynamic and influential left-half, "Bill Nicholson used to say systems were a sign of weakness."

It would have come a little more convincingly if Derby, a few months earlier, had not been swept out of the European Cup at the Bernabeu Stadium in an avalanche of goals, managing to "blow" the three goal lead they took with them from the first leg at The Baseball Ground.

True, there were various extenuations. Derby not only lacked the suspended Francis Lee, among others, but had to field players who were not fully fit. Nevertheless, to lose 5-1 after having won 4-1 was a dreadful anticlimax, which would have cost many a manager on the Continent his job.

Sophisticated

It was an occasion which cried out for the sensible and sophisticated application of tactics, and Mackay, that evening had none; or rather none sufficient to contain the mighty avalanche of Real Madrid. True, Real played well, probably as well as Mackay generously pronounced that they did; but — to borrow a hackneyed aphorism from the lore of the game — it is equally true that they played as well as they were allowed to.

Reducing Mackay's views *ad absurdum*, one is inclined to ask whether he feels his own presence and position is necessary? Of course it is: he proved as much when he resourcefully pulled off Leighton James and put on Roger Davies, who promptly won the Fourth Round Cup tie against Liverpool at the Baseball Ground.

One must also take seriously his belief that a manager's chief job is to buy good players in the transfer market. But for all that, his policy of *laissez faire* seems dangerously old fashioned, reminiscent of those far off days when England disclaimed and discountenanced any kind of strategic preparation, to a cry of? "Let *them* worry about *us*!"

Nor does Mackay seem to me to be on very firm ground in citing the example of Bill Nicholson. Nicholson was a masterly tactician when he chose to be; the man who, as the England team coach, worked out the excellent and successful methodology of England's World Cup team against Brazil at Gothenburg in 1958.

That pleasant summer evening, I was present at a match which was the only one in the tournament in which Brazil failed to score. Nicholson, who had watched Brazil, put Bill Slater of Wolves on Didi, Howe on the centre-forward, and Eddie Clamp, the other Wolves wing-half, on the right flank, as an old fashioned half-back or, if you prefer it, a modern full-back.

Walter Winterbottom had the grace and good sense to stand aside and let Nicholson get on with it. Whatever his own qualities, tactics were never his longest suit.

I do remember *one* significant occasion which, oddly enough, involved Bill Nicholson again: as a player. It was in

Roger Davies (white shirt) in action for Derby County against Norwich City's Mike McGuire (4) and Martin Peters (11).

Leighton James (extreme left) congratulates team-mate Archie Gemmil after he had scored for Derby County. Other Derby players are, from the left, Ron Webster, Colin Todd, Kevin Hector, Roger Davies and David Nish.

October, 1951, when England were due to play at home to Austria at Wembley, a fine Austrian team which had recently thrashed Belgium by, if I remember correctly, 8-1 away, and whose motivating force was a magnificent, powerful attacking centre-half in Ernst Ocwirk.

It was actually suggested that England should do what West Germany did when they beat Austria 2-0 in Vienna; put a man on Ocwirk to play him out of the game. In Vienna it had been Max Morlock; at Wembley it would be Billy Wright. There was much sour criticism, but as things transpired, it was academic. Bill Nicholson was injured, Billy Wright reverted to his customary position of right-half, and Ernst Ocwirk, thus unattended, was free to hit the beautiful long ball from which Ernst Melchior put Austria into the lead.

Foreign

Two years later, after George Raynor's Sweden had used similar tactics to West Germany's to hold Hungary to a 2-2 draw in Budapest, Winterbottom's England, who had learned nothing from that, or from Winterbottom's conversations with Raynor, went down 6-3; the traumatising first ever defeat of England on their own soil by a genuinely foreign team (Eire had won at Everton in 1949).

In May, 1954, Winterbottom again had no tactical answer to the Hungarians, who this time annihilated England 7-1. It just wasn't British or decent to go in for things like defensive tactics.

In Mackay's statement, I'm afraid I see a reflection of these attitudes rather than a bold break with the new orthodoxy. Beside, he's not even consistent. What did Derby do when they met Slovan in Bratisla in the first round of the European Cup but play heavily on the defensive, with the most cautious of formations?

On the same ground, a few weeks later, Don Revie's tactical ineptitude led to defeat for England and consequent elimination from the European Championship. Kevin Keegan was foolishly played in midfield, Ian Gillard thrown to the wolves, or to the Masnys, at left-back. Good tactics need not be prolix and tortuous; indeed, from prolix and tortuous calculations very bad tactics usually result.

The application of simple common sense will usually lead to a workable, if not a successful, formula. "The teams with talented players can dominate football," says Mackay, "the teams with systems get found out after a while, like Arsenal's Double team."

But why polarise the two? Why shouldn't a team of talented players work out the system best suited to them, as did the Hungarians of 1953 or the Brazilians, five years later, when they introduced 4-2-4 and won the World Cup? To be obsessed by the nature of the opposition is one thing. To work out a sensible plan to contain and diminish its strengths is surely another.

TALES OF TWO GOALKEEPERS

Real Madrid now are in the fortunate but curious position of having two Spanish international goalkeepers. One is Miguel Angel, 27 years old, nine years at Real Madrid. The other is Mariano Garcia Remon, who has been at Real about a year longer and was the reigning keeper for both club and country when he hurt a collar bone and was replaced by Miguel Angel; a goalkeeper in whom Real till then had had little faith.

We know how these familiar stories go. Angel, a player of great determination, began to play in a manner worthy of his name, Garcia Remon, even when fit again, has not been able to find a place in the team. Curiously, Miguel Angel does not particularly resent being in the reserves, while Garcia Remon, the younger man, feels it very sharply. Perhaps that is because Angel had grown used to being patient.

"I'd been waiting six seasons for the chance to be first choice," he says. "I'm in a mental condition to wait for another opportunity. If I were the manager, I'd keep Garcia Remon in the team." When Remon played at Gijon, he saved two penalties, and one of his warmest admirers was . . . Miguel Angel.

Rejoiced

The situation is nothing new in football. Before the war, Chelsea rejoiced in a current Scottish international keeper, Vic Woodley of England displacing Johnny Jackson of Scotland, who was lent during the war to Brentford. More recently, Leeds United have had David Harvey of Scotland keeping out Gary Sprake at a time when he was playing superbly for Wales.

In Italy, Giuliano Sarti for years kept the indestructible Albertosi, still keeping superbly for Milan, out of the Fiorentina team; though Albertosi had played both for Italy and the Italian League with real distinction.

The trouble is, of course, that when outfield players duplicate one another, they can be switched to other roles. There's nothing a reserve goalkeeper can do but wait; however good he may be.

PAUL GARDNER from New York

Cosmo must

SINCE ITS beginnings in 1967 the North American Soccer League has bounced unevenly along, sometimes staggering, sometimes swaggering, now racked by desperate crisis, now buoyed by transient success. Of late the successes have become more frequent, the crises rather less so. Nonetheless this coming season is, ho hum, another crucial one for the NASL. And even more so for the New York Cosmos and Pele. Last year soccer got an unprecedented amount of publicity out of the signing of Pele. But to all those millions of Americans who don't know the sport too well, who perhaps hover on the edge of being soccer fans, the results of Pele's arrival were disappointing. The Cosmos had a bad year, they failed to make the playoffs. This was not what was expected following the — inevitably exaggerated — American-style build-up.

Which is why it is essential for the Cosmos and Pele to do well this year. They have to win, and they have to look good while winning. Better yet, Pele has to score some spectacular goals. In American soccer, you are not just selling a winning team, you are also selling the sport itself. You have to make it attractive.

Not satisfied with their team's performance last year, the Cosmos did what clubs will do under those circumstances. They got a new coach. Ken Furphy arrived from England as the man with perhaps the most onerous job in the NASL's 1976 season.

• • •

Cautious but confident, Ken Furphy looked back over his first three and a half hectic weeks with the Cosmos. No grass has been growing under those feet, one feels that it wouldn't even dare to sprout. The very day that he accepted the job in England, Furphy signed Keith Eddy, from his old club Sheffield United, and Dave Clements from Everton. Both of them are now at the Cosmos training camp at Hofstra University, just outside New York City.

Defensive organisation

For Furphy they are key players: "I was concerned first of all about organisation, offensive and defensive organisation. Keith and Dave are responsible for the back and for midfield. I think we've got things working quite well now. It's been group training up until now, but I think I can go for individual coaching from now on."

Of course Furphy, like most of the other coaches in this strange protean league, is working in something of a vacuum. He has not seen his players yet in hard competitive action and, because this is his first year in the NASL, he has no way of assessing the opposition. Not, mind you, that he would necessarily be any better off if he had been here for years. The one consistent quality about the NASL is its inconsistency. Team rosters change abruptly almost every year; new faces and feet come and go with bewildering rapidity.

Take the Philadelphia Atoms. From last year's team, hardly anyone remains. The franchise has been bought by a group of Mexicans who seem intent on moving in a posse of Mexican First Division players. How to rate them? They could conceivably be the best in the league, a homogeneous unit with a lot of experience.

But will Mexican league experience count for anything in the NASL? One remembers the Cosmos' Johnny Kerr who, after a brilliant season in 1972, went off to play in Mexico. He returned in 1974, a different player. Not necessarily better or worse, but different.

And what about the Minnesota Kicks, where Freddy Goodwin back in the NASL after a 7-year gap (in 1967-8 he coached the late and not-too-lamented New York Generals) is putting together another new team? Will he be able to do what Vic Crowe did last year with the Portland Timbers, assembling a team in next to no time and taking it to the championship final?

"Well, they look quite good in training," says Furphy of his Cosmos. "I'm a bit disappointed with some of the individual techniques, the quality of some of the passing. But I don't know, you see, it could be good enough for this league." He looks doubtful. "And we've got a ball-watcher or two out there . . ." Pressed to name names, Furphy smiled and refused.

One name, of course, was discussed. Pele. He had only just arrived — and the Cosmos training camp had been going for three weeks. Wasn't that something of a scandal? Hadn't Furphy been rehearsing Hamlet without the prince?

Quickly, decisively: "No, I don't agree. It's very difficult to build a team around anyone playing in a forward position. The style of the team will come from maybe four or five top players. All the really great teams have had a group of exceptional players, the rest really rather ordinary. With such a great player as Pele there's no question of having to blend him in. Players will always develop around him. Because no one will ever have any doubts about giving him the ball in any circumstances. No matter how tight, he can always do something with it. You can see him now, sizing up the others on the team — he already knows what they can do, when he can give them the ball."

All true, or seemingly true. But, remembering the Cosmos of last year when Pele was dropped into the team half way through the season with anything but harmonious results, one feels obliged to press the point. Hasn't Pele always been at his best when paired with a quick, highly skilled partner — Coutinho and Toninho with Santos, Tostao with Brazil? Doesn't he really need someone like that?

Technique problems

A look of mock horror on Furphy's face. "You're not suggesting I can go out and find a player like Tostao? I think Tony Field (another of Furphy's Sheffield United imports) will work well with Pele, and then there's Mifflin." Ramon Mifflin, the Peruvian who looked so good in the 1970 World Cup, but who has led a wandering life since then, seems to have found a home with the Cosmos. Furphy is impressed. "Marvellous ball control, that boy — and he hasn't shirked anything in practice."

In practice. That's all there's been up till now. But at the end of March the Cosmos go off on a seven-game pre-season tour of the United States in which they will meet five of the other NASL teams. "That tour's a boon for me and the team," said Furphy. "Then I'll be able to size up some of the limitations that I've spotted, decide whether they're individual technique problems or whether they're team problems.

Furphy is still sprinkling his conversation liberally with the word football. The American usage of the word soccer has not yet become natural for him. He will see something of America on the tour, but at the moment his view is from a comfortable but soul-less motel surrounded by the flatness of Long Island. He misses the hills he has been used to, and like all of us when we first arrive, he is disturbed by the jerry-built look of so many of the buildings.

s and Pele do well

Well, that's America, and it is a mentality that has applied up until now to many of the NASL's soccer teams. Put together quickly, taken apart at the end of the season. Now, at last, with more money coming into the league, things are changing. Clubs are now able to buy players, to offer them full 12-month contracts instead of merely borrowing them for four months. The NASL has put a limit of five loan players on each club, but this season the Cosmos will have no loan players at all.

The league has also upped the number of American players that each club is required to have. This season it is six on a 16-man roster, meaning that at least one of them will have to be a starter. Furphy has been looking at plenty of American players during his short stay. "I'm impressed with their tremendous enthusiasm for the game, they really want to learn, they're always asking questions." About their capabilities he is reticent, commenting only that "I haven't seen an American forward yet."

Trained players

The development of American players remains a large problem for a league that is, ostensibly, dedicated to the Americanisation of soccer. For the brutal truth is that the vast majority of American born and trained players are, as yet, nowhere near good enough for the NASL. The NASL's 'six-Americans' requirement smacks of window dressing. For these purposes "American" includes naturalised citizens, such as the Cosmos' Jorge Siega who learned all his soccer in Brazil.

Much more significant is the news that this season many NASL clubs will run reserve teams. A rather obvious sort of development, but one that has been baulked up till now by, of all people, the United States Soccer Federation. By a decidedly questionable interpretation of their own rules, USSF has always held that a club and its reserve team are two different clubs. This meant that players could not be freely moved between the two teams; every time a player wanted to shift teams, he would have to sit out for 30 days, and a registration fee of $10 was due to USSF. Under those requirements the NASL clubs would have been mad to run reserve teams.

Permanent residents

Now, USSF has changed its rules, and the NASL reserve teams are the big hope for the development of American talent. The NASL has ruled that the reserve team (or better, reserves, for there can be fewer than 11) can consist of up to 14 players of whom at least half must be Americans, though again this means American citizens, not necessarily native Americans. The remainder need not be Americans, but they must be permanent residents of the USA.

The hope of the Cosmos is that they can build a young team composed mainly of Americans, but with a core of young foreign players, probably English. Two or three years ago it would not have been possible to get a promising young English player to stake his future on a soccer career in the United States. Not so any longer. Where Yankee Soccer used to be a big joke, it has suddenly become something to be taken seriously.

Gordon Bradley, the Cosmos' Director of Player Development: "We're getting requests from all sorts of players, of all ages and standards, who want to come here now. They're not happy about the future of the game in England, and now they see that things are beginning to happen over here. I'm in touch now with a boy, a great little player, and it looks as though he's going to get a free transfer — can you imagine that, a free?"

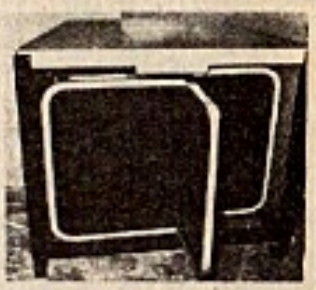
Exhibition games

The interest in American soccer is increasing in England, and it is growing too where it matters most; right here in the States. The fact that the Cosmos pre-season tour is going to places like Phoenix, San Anonio, Los Angeles and Seattle tells a story. For the Cosmos had originally planned to tour overseas. But the number of requests from within the USA was so great that all thought of going abroad was dropped.

No doubt, Pele and not the Cosmos is the main attraction (one remembers the dismal cancellation of Cosmos exhibition games last season when Pele was unfit) but the sport of soccer must ultimately benefit from tours like this.

Remember, this is still a country where there are millions who do not know what the sport of soccer is all about. There are still vast areas where people have never seen a soccer game. A humbling and a challenging thought.

TURNSTILE SERVICES & SECURITY



Club Mk II Turnstile

The complete international service covering consultancy, entrance design, turnstile manufacture, supply and installation, maintenance schemes — annual, bi-annual and emergency.

Offering a range of equipment including mobile and fixed operators' kiosks, barriers, gates, spectator counting systems and security equipment.

Please write for details to:
TURNSTILE SERVICES & SECURITY
Old Fairfield Garage
Minety, Wilts, England
Telephone Minety 436

NORTH AMERICA

from COLIN JOSE

NASL clu former int to boost

FORMER Internationals Geoff Hurst and George Best are the latest British stars to join clubs in the North American Soccer League, with Hurst signing for the Seattle Sounders and Best at least in training with the Los Angeles Aztecs. Both players will undoubtedly boost attendances across both Canada and the United States and will add to the new image the league has acquired in American sport ever since the New York Cosmos signed Pele.

Even before the signing of Hurst the Seattle Sounders had announced that they had passed the 10,000 mark in the sale of season tickets, while both the San Jose Earthquakes and Portland Timbers had sold over 8,000 each. All three clubs project record sales of over 12,000.

Hurst will join Welsh internationals Mike England and Arfon Griffiths at Seattle where former Scottish international Jimmy Gabriel is a playing coach working under Head Coach John Best. The Sounders will be playing in the new Kingdome this year which will be the site of the final on August 28 and a good performance on the field could lead to record breaking crowds if the team reaches the final.

George Best, pictured leaving Heathrow airport in London for Los Angeles.

Best has been training with the Los Angeles Aztecs who own his rights in the NASL even though there has been no official announcement of a signing at the time of writing. The Aztecs won the NASL championship in 1974 but last year with a changed team playing under a new coach they did not fare as well slumping to third place in the Western Division.

Combine

The current coach of the Aztecs is a 26-year-old American, Terry Fisher who coached UCLA in U.S. college soccer before coming to the NASL. Key players in last years Aztec team were Hungarian born Julie Veee and former Birmingham City goalkeeper John Taylor.

Ken Furphy, new coach of the New York Cosmos, didn't take long to put his stamp on the team with Mirko Liveric one of the better wingers in the league being sold to the San Jose Earthquakes. Liveric, it is said, found it difficult to combine his style with that of Pele.

New signings by the Cosmos in recent weeks include three players who played for Furphy when he was manager of Sheffield United. They are defender Terry Garbett, midfielder Keith Eddy and forward Tony Field. They will considerably strengthen the Cosmos line-up which already includes, in addition to Pele, Ramon Mifflin, who played for Peru in the 1970 World Cup Finals, and Dave Clements player manager of Northern Ireland.

In San Diego the new "Jaws" franchise has named Derek Trevis formerly assistant coach with the Philadelphia Atoms as their new head coach. A member of the Atoms when they won the NASL title in 1973 Trevis formerly played for Lincoln City and Walsall in England.

Meanwhile in Philadelphia where the ownership of the club has changed hands from American to Mexican a new coach has been appointed in Jesus Ponce.

Olympic f

BRAZIL AND Uruguay have now joined Iran, the U.S.S.R., Poland and Canada as finalists in the Olympic Football Tournament to be played in Canada this summer, and with the rest of the qualifying games now being played the other ten finalists should be known very shortly.

Canada, of course, qualify as the host nation and will be playing in the final round for the first time since they won the title in 1904 in St. Louis. Poland qualify as the current Olympic champions while the other four nations have reached the finals by winning or finishing in second place in their various areas of the world.

Iran, coached by former Manchester United boss Frank O'Farrell, qualified by winning group one in Asia with its opponents coming from those oil producing nations located on or near the Persian Gulf. The only nation they did not defeat was little Kuwait, who are coached by Mario Zagalo the former Brazilian national coach. But in the all important final game Iran beat Iraq 1-0 in Tehran before 85,000 fans to clinch a place in the finals for the second time running.

The U.S.S.R. qualified by winning Group One in Europe and eliminating Yugoslavia, Iceland and Norway in the process. In the other three European groups East Germany, Spain and France currently have the edge.

In the CONCACAF area where Mexico, Cuba and Guatemala are playing off for two places, the tournament has been delayed slightly as a result of the tragic earthquake that struck Guatemala recently. The two

bs recruit ernationals strengths

NORTH AMERICA
from COLIN JOSE

Bobby Moore — will he join a NASL club?

Players who are still the property of the Atoms from last year have been invited to work out with those Mexican players who are being considered for the club in Guadalajara.

Growth

Across in the American Soccer League which has expanded to the west coast for the first time in its 55 year history, Ron Newman, former coach of the Dallas Tornado of the NASL and the man who must take a lot of the credit for much of the soccer growth in the Texas area, has become the first coach of the new Los Angeles Skyhawks.

Still in California but farther to the north the Oakland Buccaneers will be coached by former Mexican national team coach Xavier de la Torre, while a third California ASL team, the Sacramento Spirits, will be coached by Dick Ott. Eugene Chyzowych, former U.S. national team coach and a man who has made a considerable contribution to soccer in the United States over the years becomes the new coach of the new York Apollos.

Some dates have been finalised for the World Cup preliminary round games between Canada, the United States and Mexico to be held this year. Canada will open the series with a game against the United States in Vancouver on either September 24, 25 or 26 while the U.S. will play Mexico on either October 1, 2 or 3. October 11 has Canada playing Mexico in Vancouver, October 15 has Mexico playing the U.S. in Mexico, October 20 the U.S. will play Canada in either Seattle, Portland or San Francisco with the concluding game between Mexico and Canada in Mexico on October 27. Two of the three nations will advance to the zone finals.

If as expected Canada plays its two home games at the Empire Stadium in Vancouver they will be the first World Cup games ever played on artificial turf.

inalists known

remaining groups in Asia and the three in Africa are in the process of being played.

In South America, where a tournament was played between Brazil, Uruguay, Colombia, Peru, Argentina and Chile, Brazil and Uruguay emerged victorious with neither nation losing a game. This means that Brazil has qualified for the finals of every Olympiad since 1960 in Rome. Uruguay on the other hand have qualified for the finals for the first time since winning the gold medal in Amsterdam in 1928.

Canadian coach Colin Morris currently has his players split into two camps, one in Vancouver and the other in Toronto. Morris is coaching the Vancouver group himself while the Toronto group is working under assistant coach Alan Churchard. The Canadian Soccer Association has arranged a tour of England and Scotland for the team in April with games scheduled against a number of league teams.

A number of these games are scheduled for the mornings behind closed doors with the English and Scottish league clubs co-operating in trying to assist the Canadians in their uphill task. The clubs who have agreed to assist the Canadians are Birmingham City, Aston Villa, Derby County, Notts County, Leicester City, Celtic, Clydebank, Ayr United and Rangers.

With five key players from the Canadian team that did so well during the European tour in 1974 having turned professional, Morris is faced with the difficult task of finding replacements amongst players with little or no experience of first class soccer. However, a nucleus of experienced players does exist, among them goalkeeper Jack Brand, defenders Bob Bolitho, Kevin Grant, Chris Horrocks and Ray Telford, midfielders Jim Douglas and Robin Megraw and strikers Peter Roe, Bruce Miller and Chris Bennett.

There now seems to be little doubt that the Olympics will take place as scheduled but in an incomplete stadium. However, the gloomy outlook of early January has been replaced with an air of optimism as spring approaches and work continues to make rapid progress. It will be an Olympics without the frills but with the main seating area of the stadium all but complete. A soccer game is scheduled for the main stadium almost every day.

Keir Radnedge presents an international survey

USSR TOP TEAM

LOOKING BACK over the last twenty years it's not hard to pick out the country which has had the strongest national team during that period. With three World Cup titles out of a possible five, it has to be Brazil.

But which nation can claim to have been the best in Europe? England has a World Cup win to her credit and both Spain and Italy have been European champions, but there are only two real contenders for such a notional title — the USSR and West Germany.

Assessing the national team records of different countries is a difficult process because of the great variance in the number of matches each country plays and the importance attached to them.

For the purpose of this survey only competitive fixtures in the period 1956-1975 inclusive have been taken. This covers the last five World Cups and their qualifying tournaments, four European Championships (or Nations' Cup as it was first called) and the qualifying tournament of the current competition.

The USSR comes out clearly on top of the table and the obvious question is "why?" The Russians, have, after all, never reached a World Cup final or scaled any spectacular heights.

The answer lies in the remarkable consistency of the Soviet team. Apart from the last World Cup when the USSR withdrew for political reasons, the Russians have never failed to reach the last eight of the World Cup or the last four of the European Championship, which they won in 1960.

The USSR can also boast an incredible home record. Of their 26 competitive matches at home 25 have been won and only Chile has managed to get a point in Moscow with the 0-0 draw in 1973.

Only two other nations, Italy and Yugoslavia, can claim an unbeaten home record in the 20 years under review, but neither really matches the Russians. Yugoslavia has drawn seven out of 26 home games and Italy eight of 27.

Although West Germany finished a clear 18 points behind the USSR in the table, there are enough contributory factors for the Germans to be able to claim that they deserve to be on top.

The main factor, of course, is that the Germans have played 17 fewer games than the Russians. This happened mainly because as holders they were not involved in the qualifying competition of the 1958 World Cup nor as hosts for the 1974 tournament. Neither did West Germany enter the 1960 and 1964 Nations' Cup competitions.

The West Germans have shown a remarkable resilience to defeat. Only seven countries have beaten them in 20 years and two of those — England in the 1966 World Cup final and Italy in the 1970 semi-final — needed extra time to do it.

The German record has shown continual improvement over the last few years. Since the beginning of 1967 only two competitive matches out of 37 have been lost — that 1970 defeat at the hands of Italy and the unexpected mishap against East Germany in 1974.

Not surprisingly the West German attack has proved the most effective with an average of 2.23 goals per game, Gerd Muller having netted an astonishing 39 goals himself — about 28 per cent of the total!

There's no shock about the best defence either. Italy has only conceded 48 goals in 66 games and succeeded in keeping a clean sheet in 38 of those fixtures. English fans who think Italy will be a push-over in the next World Cup qualifiers may be alarmed to realise that the Italian defence has not conceded a goal in its last five competitive games — and that includes two matches against Poland and one against Holland.

Eighth place may seem a rather modest position for England to find itself in, even allowing for the recent disastrous form of the national team. England, in fact, would probably have been placed a couple of positions higher had they, like the Germans, not missed two World Cup qualifying competitions as first hosts then holders of that trophy.

The other British sides are also placed disappointingly low with Scotland only 16th, Northern Ireland 19th and Wales, for all its recent success in the European Championship, down in 22nd position.

The strength of football in Eastern Europe is illustrated with five countries in the first seven, and even the lower placed countries, Poland, Rumania and East Germany have been improving in the last ten years.

My records of individual goal-scorers only go back 14 years which is unfortunate for marksmen like Just Fontaine of France and Lajos Tichy of Hungary. But the top ten still packs enough power to frighten the life out of any defence.

1 Muller (West Germany) 39, 2 Riva (Italy) 27, 3 Eusebio (Portugal) 25, 4 Bene (Hungary) 24, 5 Cruyff (Netherlands) 21, 6 Lubanski (Poland) 18, 7 Bonev (Bulgaria) 16, 8 Asparoukhov (Bulgaria) 14, Mazzola (Italy) 14, 10 Dzajic (Yugoslavia) 13, Hurst (England) 13, Van Himst (Belgium) 13.

European Nations — International Competitive Records 1956-75

1.	USSR	79	52	11	16	157	66	115
2.	West Germany	62	42	13	7	139	56	97
3.	Yugoslavia	74	37	19	18	140	79	93
4.	Hungary	72	38	16	18	152	88	92
5.	Italy	66	36	18	12	122	48	90
6.	Czechoslovakia	67	37	10	20	138	68	84
7.	Bulgaria	65	32	12	21	109	87	76
8.	England	56	30	15	11	108	51	75
9.	Spain	58	30	14	14	106	57	74
10.	France	64	31	11	22	137	87	73
11.	Sweden	59	28	13	18	99	70	69
12.	Netherlands	54	26	13	15	119	58	65
13.	Portugal	57	25	14	18	90	74	64
14.	Belgium	52	26	9	17	99	62	61
15.	Poland	52	25	9	18	97	67	59
16.	Scotland	49	24	10	15	85	66	58
17.	Rumania	52	23	12	17	94	67	58
18.	East Germany	51	20	13	18	81	73	53
19.	Northern Ireland	51	19	12	20	65	56	50
20.	Austria	48	19	10	19	89	69	48
21.	Switzerland	53	19	9	25	70	85	47
22.	Wales	47	17	9	21	60	62	43
23.	Greece	44	10	12	22	58	85	32
24.	Irish Republic	47	12	8	27	48	94	32
25.	Turkey	42	11	7	24	30	80	29
26.	Denmark	49	9	8	32	53	116	26
27.	Norway	46	9	3	34	51	118	21
28.	Finland	44	3	5	36	28	141	11
29.	Luxembourg	49	3	5	41	37	175	11
30.	Albania	24	3	3	18	11	50	9
31.	Iceland	18	1	3	14	13	68	5
32.	Cyprus	36	2	1	33	10	142	5
33.	Malta	19	1	1	17	7	57	3

Keir Radnedge reveals why AC Milan will soon announce to the world that . . .

Rivera retires!

THE OBITUARY I've already written in these columns a few months ago. Soon there will be a point to it. Gianni Rivera WILL retire at the end of the season. In fact, if coaches Nereo Rocco and Giovanni Trapattoni give permission, he'll call it a day even earlier.

Why? No prizes for guessing. The fight to overthrow Albino Buticchi, the interminable negotiations to raise the cash to buy him out, took too much out of even the iron-willing Golden Boy.

Now that he's arranged the installation of one Vittorio Duina as new president, he's ready not just to retire but take a job outside soccer altogether. Rivera, whose playing comeback has been continually interrupted by minor strains and pulls, said that he was ready to go now because he had achieved all his objectives. Milan, he said, were in the right conditions to return to the top.

"As far as organisation and administration go, the club is now on the right lines, and as far as the playing side goes, too. The atmosphere now is peaceful, so I thought it was about time to think about my own future. Slowly, but inevitably, I was coming to the end of my playing career. I'll be 33 in August and I think that now Milan are in good shape it's time for them to see less of me."

Director

Rivera will continue as a director, so it won't be goodbye altogether. And we won't be saying goodbye either, to another old Milan star — Roberto Rosato, also 33 in August, a 1970 World Cup Finalist — even though he broke his leg recently in a second division match for his present club, Genoa.

Rosato, who began his career with Torino and went on to win 37 caps, reckons he'll be back in time for Genoa's "return to *Serie A* next season."

Also hoping for a return — though it may not be that soon — is Fiorentina's 22-year-old midfield star Vincenzo Guerini, badly hurt in a car crash just before the season began. He's being sent to Vienna for an examination by the surgeon whose skill once saved Ernst Ocwirk, when a broken leg threatened the Austrian's career.

Fiorentina have now climbed out of the relegation zone, but they're hardly setting *Calcio* on fire and it needed some fine saves from Franco Superchi to earn a point from a 1-1 draw with Juventus in Florence.

The top-of-the-table scene is really very boring. A Giuseppe Damiani penalty brought a 1-0 home win over doomed Cagliari, and with Torino going down 1-0 to Inter, *La Vecchia Signora* were five points clear at the top.

It was Giacinto Facchetti, recalling years long gone with a sudden break upfield, who created the winner for Giuseppe Pavone, a 26-year-old striker who is one of the new wave of players making today's Inter team almost unrecognisable. Facchetti has been injured recently, so has Sandro Mazzola, and there were some very odd smiles directed at Ivanoe Fraizzoli when the team recently came out without one survivor of the Moratti-Herrera era.

Fraizzoli has hinted again that he's ready to quit as president. But now that Inter are up to fourth he might hang on a bit. He's certainly a more resilient and restrained man than Roma president Gaetano Anzalone, who's just been banned from his own team's matches for four months for insulting referee Cesare Gussoni after the 2-2 draw Cesena achieved in the Stadio Olimpico.

That match, incidentally, held over and played on a Monday afternoon because of torrential rain the previous day, drew a 45,000 crowd!

There's more trouble at Napoli now. Giuseppe Savoldi has proved a good buy, if far too expensive — though he has managed a praiseworthy nine goals (*sic*) — but a 1-0 defeat before 75,000 of their own astonished fans by relegation threatened Verona added fuel to the fire.

Promoted

Omar Sivori, former Juventus star who finished his playing days in the shadow of Vesuvius, had some hard words to say about the team on a recent visit, and it is rumoured he could be invited to return — as manager in place of Vinicio.

Verona, newly promoted last autumn, have as manager Ferruccio Valcareggi, Italian team boss from 1967 to 1974, who then hung on until the end of his FA contract last summer before returning to the league. It seems the Napoli triumph was as big a surprise to him as it was to the Neapolitans: a week or two before he was openly admitting that he thought Verona were set for the drop.

As it is now, they are 12th on 14 points, and that's level with 1974 champions Lazio, who have made little headway since recalling Tommaso Maestrelli from his convalescence to succeed Giulio Corsini, who lasted but ten weeks.

Lazio have had their problems with injuries to midfielder Luciano Re Cecconi and precocious young striker Vincenzo D'Amico.

The Torino title challenge took a serious blow with that defeat by Inter — a nasty shock for twin strikers Francesco Graziani and Paolino Pulici, who played so well a few days earlier in Italy's 1-0 win in a B international with West Germany in Essen. Pulici it was who scored the only goal, after 55 minutes, to break the West German hoodoo.

Coming soon after the senior team's 3-0 win over Zurich, this quietened the critics of Fulvio Bernardini and Enzo Bearzot for a little while and was a feather in the cap of Gigi Radice, whose Torino team not only provided both strikers but also midfielders Claudio and Patrizio Sala and Eraldo Pecci, and stopper Roberto Mozzini.

Not that all is sweetness and light at Torino — the failure to hang on to Juve in the league has made sure of that. Torino president Orfeo Pianelli has known a somewhat turbulent last few years. First the outspoken reign as manager of Gustavo Giagnoni, then the fans' revolt during the Edmondo Fabbri interlude. Now, with Radice's young team playing some really good football, Pianelli is taking legal action against . . . Gianni Rivera for remarks made during last summer's fun and games.

The Italians do appear to enjoy bringing football down to the courts. It's hard to understand why, just as it's hard to understand why Pianelli can't let the past stay . . . in the past. He was made to look ridiculously hasty when he resigned briefly over some disagreement about Fabbri.

Now, if he presses his case, there is the chance he could be ordered off the Torino board by the league, whose rules expressly forbid open quarrels being taken to such lengths.

Already this season we've lost one president: Andrea Arrica, under whom Cagliari rose, triumphed and crashed. It's hardly surprising he stepped down — Cagliari have taken just eight points from 19 games. Hardly surprising either that no one seems very keen to take over.

Poor record

International Microscope

BELGIUM—by Eric Batty

AGAINST THE old established soccer playing countries Belgium's record is a miserable one with nine defeats in nine outings against Austria: five defeats from six games against Czechoslovakia and nine reverses in 12 starts against Italy. Perhaps just as bad, their record against England who were not in FIFA when most of the defeats already mentioned were sustained, is 12 defeats and only one victory in 15 games.

Virtually all those games go back to the fifties and before when the Belgians were practically amateur, like Holland, their neighbours to the north. Even now the Belgians are not officially fully professional though this is a mere technicality. In everything but name the top teams and top players are fully professional.

There is one aspect in which Belgium's internationals have varied from the norm in their developing years. Almost everywhere each country has fixtures running to or close to 100 games against their neighbours. In Belgium's case they have already chalked up the century against Holland and are getting the worst of things. They've had 60 matches against the French, their southern neighbours who introduced professionalism much earlier and have clearly had the better of the exchanges between the two countries, but got in comparatively few games against West Germany whose figures include the old Germany of pre-1939 days.

Almost unique amongst West European countries Belgium has played twice as many games against East Germany as they have against their Western counterparts, a throwback to the anti-German feeling no doubt, which followed the 1914 war, allied to the fact that they have often been paired with East Germany in competitive games. However, the Belgian record against both is poor.

Moving away from matches against neighbouring countries which formed the backbone of internationals in the developing days, it was the era of Jeff Mermans, the post war Anderlecht star, that really set Belgium off on the road to parity in the international big time. A big, robust but nonetheless skilful centre-forward Mermans carried the team almost single-handed until he was joined in the 1950's by Rik Coppens, still one of the best all-round players Belgium has produced. He was the key figure in Belgium's 4-4 draw against England in the 1954 World Cup and both the architect and the scorer in many a successful battle against France which was always a big event, often staged on November 11, the day of the war veterans and both a national holiday and a day of sentiment for both countries.

Also in the 50's, the coming of the European Cup helped concentrate most of Belgium's best players in two clubs, Standard Liege and RSC Anderlecht, though the latter had a terrible baptism in the 10-0 drubbing received against Manchester United, the first time the English club took part.

But as their experience widened, the Belgians improved, drawing at Wembley against England with an Anderlecht based team on a day when they deserved to have won and going on to prove themselves the equals of almost anyone in the world.

After Mermans and Coppens came Pol Van Himst in whose time the fortunes of the Belgian national side were finally stabilised. No longer did they receive the occasional drubbing, results were consistent, mostly good and when they did lose it was by only the minimum.

In terms of ultimate success in big competitions the Belgians came closest in the 1972 European championship. In the quarter-finals they overcame Italy, then the beaten World Cup finalists of 1970 and about to enter an unbeaten run of more than two years, by 0-0 (away) and 2-1 in a real battle in Liege. This brought them face to face with the West Germans, then quite clearly the best team in the world when a tie with either of the other semi-finalists, Hungary or the USSR, would almost certainly have enabled Belgium to reach the final. As it was, they held the superb West Germans to a narrow 2-1 defeat and then went on to claim third place by beating Hungary 2-1.

That was probably the peak of the Van Himst-Van Moer-Lambert team though the Anderlecht-Standard combination went on proving themselves better than most for some time.

Expected to do well in the 1974 World Cup following their fine showing in 1972, the Belgians had the ill luck to be placed in the same World Cup qualifying group as Holland who went on to qualify, reach the final and prove themselves in many eyes to be the best team in the world.

From the Belgian viewpoint, this was tragic for Holland eliminated Belgium in the qualifying rounds on goals difference only after the two teams had played out two 0-0 draws. On reflection, their manager, Raymond Goethals, probably regretted not being a little more adventurous against Holland though during the game played in Antwerp, left-back Dolmans left the Dutch crossbar rattling for a long time with one tremendous shot. They generally had the better of the game but did not push up enough support for their strikers and it was a similar story in the return match in Amsterdam where the Belgians played too carefully until too late, going for a final fling near the end that brought an off-side goal for right-winger Leon Semmeling but no more tangible reward and Belgium went out.

Now with Van Himst and Van Moer past their best there is an acute shortage of fire power in attack where only Raoul Lambert appears able to get goals at top level. But he is frequently handicapped by a series of muscular injuries. However, these things go in cycles and when the Belgians once more find two or three players with punch up front, they will doubtless come again.

	P	W	D	L	Goals F	Goals A
Argentina	1	0	0	1	3.	6
Austria	9	0	0	9	10.	36
Brazil	2	1	0	1	5.	6
Bulgaria	5	2	0	3	11.	9
Chile	1	0	1	0	1.	1
Czechoslovakia	6	1	0	5	9.	18
Denmark	6	3	2	1	11.	8
Eire	8	3	1	4	18.	19
England	16	1	3	12	23.	65
Finland	4	3	1	0	14.	6
France	60	27	15	18	140.	102
Germany, East	12	4	1	7	20.	30
Germany, West	6	2	0	4	5.	12
Holland	104	35	23	46	197.	245
Hungary	6	4	0	2	13.	12
Iceland	6	6	0	0	24.	5
Israel	3	3	0	0	8.	0
Italy	12	2	1	9	14.	19
Luxembourg	7	6	0	1	28.	10
Mexico	3	1	0	2	2.	2
Norway	2	2	0	0	4.	0
Paraguay	1	0	0	1	0.	1
Poland	9	2	3	4	10.	16
Portugal	8	3	3	2	12.	9
Rumania	3	1	0	2	2.	3
El Salvador	1	1	0	0	3.	0
Scotland	7	3	1	3	9.	12
Spain	11	4	4	3	15.	19
Sweden	11	5	1	5	18.	29
Switzerland	22	10	5	7	42.	32
Turkey	2	0	2	0	2.	2
USA	1	0	0	1	0.	3
USSR	3	0	0	3	1.	6
Wales	2	1	0	1	4.	6
Yugoslavia	8	2	2	4	11.	14
	368	138	69	161	689.	763

International Post-Mortem by Eric Batty

Bulgaria triumph in Japan

Japan 1 Bulgaria 3
Japan 1 Bulgaria 1
Japan 0 Bulgaria 3
Israel 0 Denmark 1
Tunisia 2 Yugoslavia 1
West Germany 8 Malta 0
Israel 1 N. Ireland 1

THERE IS some doubt about whether Bulgaria's trip to Japan should be included in this review at all for it was either an experimental Bulgarian squad that made the trip, or more likely, a reinforced Under 23 team preparing for the quarter finals of the UEFA competition.

However, in Tokio the Bulgarians won comfortably, struggled a bit in Usaka and then coasted to a 3-0 win in Tokio to round off their tour. The Japanese played some neat football but they find it difficult to score goals — with Kamamoto still their top league scorer but well past his best.

In the early part of the year, teams from Scandinavia and Eastern Europe go to the Far East and North Africa seeking match practice in warmer climates than they have at home. Finland's national squad due to meet in England in June flew to Spain but played only club sides, as did Poland's full squad preparing to defend their Olympic title in Montreal. Yugoslavia, with a date against Wales in the European championship quarter finals, chose Tunisia where they seem to have enjoyed themselves or at least found what they wanted in previous winters.

Old guard

This time Yugoslavia were without most of their experienced players. Branko Oblak, Josip Katalinski and Dragan Dzajic, all playing abroad, were not released for this friendly and several others of the old guard were unfit. Even those well known players that did take part were lacking physical condition after the winter lay off and though Ivica Surjak gave them the lead in Tunis after only seven minutes, Ben Aziza equalised soon after and before the interval Kaabi got what proved to be the winner.

In the second half the Yugoslavs brought on several fresh players but failed to make much impression on a Tunisian defence with something to hang on to.

In Tel Aviv the Danes began their 1976 international campaign with a 1-0 win through a first half goal from Mogens Hansen. Neither side had been active recently and it showed in the play and equally neither team has so far been able to satisfactorily replace their old guard now playing abroad as professionals or retired from the international game.

West Germany duly edged out Greece from the European championship with an 8-0 win over Malta before a 54,000 crowd in Dortmund. "We shall attack," said Malta's team manager Terenzio Polverini, before the match but in fact the visitors draped a ten man barrier before their goal and Sepp Maier playing on his 32nd birthday was never called into action — having to retrieve the ball only once after a shot that flew high over his crossbar.

This was the West Germans' second highest win to date, bettered only by the 12-0 assassination of Cyprus in 1969, but as others have found before then it was vital to get an early goal before frustration began to set in and affected the team's morale. This so often happens with full professional sides but little Malta just didn't have enough experience and the re-organised West Germans did much as they liked.

One success, at least on his record so far was 22-years-old centre forward Ronnie Worm who plays in midfield for his club MSV Duisberg. Last December he went on for the second half of the away game to Turkey, playing in midfield and scoring twice in a 5-0 win and Helmut Schon played a hunch and switched him to the number 9 place left vacant since Gerd Müller quit.

It was Worm who scored the first vital goal with a left foot shot from a chance set up by his club colleague Bernhard Dietz, and after 27 minutes Worm again made it 2-0 with a header from Holzenbein's cross.

After that it was an easy, 4-0 at the break, with Heynckes (2), Beer (2), Holzenbein and Berti Vogts getting the other goals. For Vogts, who often scores for his club Borussia Monchengladbach, this was a day to remember for it brought him his first international goal in his 69th international. It also took Franz Beckenbauer closer to the 100 cap mark, far and away the most capped German of all time he now needs four more appearances for his hundred.

In the event it proved too easy to judge whether his team can take a strong Spanish XI for Holzenbein has still to prove he is an international class winger and Worm for all his success to date — he is being hailed in Deutschland as a *Neue Bomber* **— has still to prove he can get goals in the best company. For the future it is ominous that Maier is 32; Wimmer 31 and both Beckenbauer and Heynckes are 30.**

Maier perhaps, can go on for a while yet as can Beckenbauer the way he plays at the back he doesn't need so much pace or power and Herbert Wimmer's club-mate Dietmar Danner is in my view potentially better than most of the post-war West German midfield stars.

The doubts for the future surround finding an adequate replacement for Heynckes and the real abilities of Holzenbein and Worm. Northern Ireland travelled to Tel Aviv's Bloomfield Stadium for what turned out to be an unfriendly friendly with the Israelis "getting stuck in" to good effect and the referee taking no firm action.

Home-based

The Irish didn't like the bumpy almost grassless pitch either, but for player-manager Dave Clements it no doubt proved a very valuable get-together between big games which Northern Ireland have seldom been able to do in the past.

With club calls coming first they were not able to field their full squad but this gave them the opportunity to blood some second row players, in particular, Middlesborough's Jim Platt who took over from Pat Jennings.

The only home-based Northern Ireland player, Warren Feeney of Glentoran was instrumental in bringing Ireland's equaliser though he was more than a bit fortunate to see his intended cross, turned into his own goal by right back Lev.

Earlier, Derek Spence of Bury who made his bow almost a year ago had seen two useful headers saved by Israeli goalkeeper Surinov and Israel took the lead through centre forward Damti who was the first to react when his shot struck a post and rebounded.

WHO WILL BE TOP MANAGER?

IN NEXT to no time at all, we shall be reaching the end of one of the most exciting seasons it has been our great privilege to experience. And, surprisingly, most of the major problems remain to be solved.

Many believe they know the answers, but which clubs do you think will be among the late prize-winners? I've canvassed that query up and down the country, and come up against different opinions everywhere. Some of the bright boys have good money going on the promotion battles; but few have been sufficiently brave to back their fancies for the championship.

Another puzzle that might also test most folk in Britain, if they would take time off for studying it, would spotlight the choice of the next Manager of the Year.

That's an interesting idea. And I've no doubt many will immediately plump for Tony Book, because he took Manchester City to their latest Wembley triumph, though that was in the League Cup, not the FA Cup, which is still the senior trophy.

Nevertheless, it has always been considered, and rightly so, a great performance to even reach the famous twin towers, and, therefore, Gordon Lee of Newcastle United, must also come into the reckoning as the man who was in charge of the losing finalists.

Personality

Those who know more than a thing or two, however, point out that generally the honour goes to the personality who guides a team to the League summit. In that case, the likely contestants must include Bob Paisley, Dave Mackay, Tommy Docherty, Dave Sexton and Jimmy Armfield.

Let's steal a quick look at this group. Paisley first. He's now once again chasing the title which the Anfielders conceded to Derby County by two points last year. A north-east product, Bob breathes Liverpool. Which is hardly surprising remembering that they signed him from Bishop Auckland immediately after the old Durham club had carried off the Amateur Cup — 37 years ago!

A decade later, the footballers' nightmare materialised. He became a Wembley bridesmaid, collecting a reserve's medal which still marks the biggest disappointment of his life.

Came an intervening period of apprenticeship to Bill Shankly, whom he followed into the hot seat almost two years back, and since then this boss of cautious opinions has been endeavouring to maintain the old, high standard.

Mackay, the Derby toughie, is fighting to keep a grip on the championship. And thoroughly enjoying one of the greatest periods of a switchback career, now that all the hullabaloo over Brian Clough's departure has gone into the history books.

The early going couldn't have been harder for this former Scottish half-back. That applies especially to the Spurs era, as every White Hart Lane fan will readily confirm, and also takes in the first managerial stint at Swindon.

Docherty the loquacious, learned the game against the brick walls of Glasgow's Gorbals, made an English debut alongside the legendary Tom Finney, and actually believes he was born to manage Manchester United.

Preston, Arsenal and Scotland benefited from tremendous playing skills, and a short stay with Chelsea preceded further managerial appointments with Q.P.R., Oporto, Aston Villa, Rotherham and the Scots before moving into the Old Trafford hot seat which had then been successively occupied by Matt Busby, Wilf McGuinness and Frank O'Farrell within the space of a mere three years.

What a season Alan Gowling!

Alan Gowling (left) pictured during a Newcastle training session prior to their League Cup defeat against Manchester City

Bob Paisley — manager of Liverpool

Eric Thornton's Soccer Notebook

Now for the quiet fellers. Out of step with the Army of boisterous and self-opinionated chiefs are Sexton and Armfield. Almost like two peas in a pod, and certainly two of the nicest individuals one could meet in a month of Sundays.

They called him Sexton the Brave on leaving the Bridge, and moving along the Fulham Road to Shepherd's Bush to shape Rangers into a power team. But now even his best friends have been pleasantly surprised at the ideas and all round efficiency.

Armfield, an England defender who knew discipline under the great Joe Smith of Wembley 'White Horse' fame, first learned about managership on the modest income of Bolton Wanderers and is now building the New Leeds.

You couldn't get a better cross section of football experts. Each man tackling the difficult job of running a team in a different way. Take your pick!

for Mr.

ALAN GOWLING'S the name. And very definitely if you are casting around for courage, ambition, drive and a strong refusal to recognise the odds as they begin to mount this is your man.

The family alongside the Pennines would never think in hero terms, and it's a fact that full England honours have never gone his way, though many others of considerably lesser talent have somehow managed to slip into Don Revie's capped squads.

But today's subject is a five-star professional footballer who, unlike those with brains only in their feet, insured the future as a University graduate while still winning a match-pay packet.

At 27, Mister Alan Gowling, of Stockport, Cheshire, long-time supporter of Manchester City, debutant star with Manchester United, struggler with Huddersfield Town and League Cup losing finalist with Newcastle United, is looking back and assessing the position once again.

***He's wondering* how life might have turned out if only his City idols had taken him along with the rest of his pals to Maine Road, the club he always wanted to join, but never got the chance.**

***He's wondering* why he was the unlucky one when Matt Busby finally picked the European Cup final team, and left him sitting on the reserves bench for long tussles with his thoughts, and unhappiness for company.**

Actually, Alan *did* play on the famous pitch. But that was the previous day, when the entire United squad of 14 was allowed a pipe-opener in five-a-side and hardly one for the record books.

His name has rarely been a household one, like those of early team-mates such as George Best, Bobby Charlton, Denis Law, Nobby Stiles, Pat Crerand, Brian Kidd, Tony Dunne, Alex Stepney and Willie Morgan, but he's played important parts in many chapters of the book of soccer.

A challenging five years at Old Trafford ended with a move 'over the top' to a Huddersfield Town club that was in the doldrums after losing First Division status for the third time in just three decades.

The Yorkshiremen badly needed better finishing, and he was top marksman first time round with 20 of the best, though they were insufficient to check a further slide into the Third Division.

Other things descended, too. The crowds and the income and the spirit of the famous old place. To such degree that within another twelve months this club which once boasted the Team of the Century found itself in the Fourth Division.

Gowling then pondered the future very deeply, of course, and, recognising that his particular skills would be lost in that grading, Birmingham City, West Bromwich Albion, Chelsea and a host of others offered to buy.

Newcastle United were the lucky ones. New manager Gordon Lee, who had been impressed several times, took him to St James's as a stand-in for John Tudor, then realised that Alan was better than any other he had on the staff.

So Gowling's fortunes became sky high, have gone on developing well throughout this winter, and no doubt completely changed the Stockport man's mind about a fairly early retirement from the game.

He had been supplementing the goals supplied regularly by Tyneside idol Malcolm MacDonald, but I'm ready to bet his thoughts were a little twisted when Fate paired the Geordies with Manchester City, at Wembley, last February.

It also created a tricky position for the family, because all their sporting life had been spent cheering City from the wide open spaces of Maine Road, and there was our Alan playing against them, if you please!

Defeat came as a hard blow especially as he had hauled Newcastle back onto level terms with a goal that neutralised an earlier one scored by City. But misfortunes don't floor this boy. He's philosophical about practically everything, which is really to be expected after almost a decade of mixed experiences.

Barcelona fa
Cruyff and W

BARCELONA'S Agustin Montal, facing the worst crisis of his presidency, has failed in a desperate bid to end the war between Johan Cruyff and Hennes Weisweiler.

And, as I write, the protagonists of this most bitter of personality clashes remain entrenched — Weisweiler insisting: "I am the boss, everyone must jump to my commands," and Cruyff threatening: "Either I go, or he goes."

The fans and many of the older players are entirely with Cruyff. Street demonstrations of fans have seen a plethora of placards demanding that Cruyff stay and Weisweiler be sent packing.

What are the points at issue?

Weisweiler claims that: Cruyff is cheating Barcelona by refusing to play full out in away matches: Cruyff refuses to follow instructions; Cruyff, as captain, should be figurehead only, not a decision-maker.

Cruyff counters that: Weisweiler hasn't got the hang of the job: Weisweiler doesn't make enough effort to put his ideas over to the players; Weisweiler won't let him play as he wishes.

Cruyff, you will recall, joined in the autumn of 1973 for £922,000 and took Barcelona, under former Ajax boss Rinus Michels, from the bottom of the table to the top. They were clear champions with six weeks to go, and then off he went, in scintillating form, to lead Holland to the 1974 World Cup Final.

From defeat in Munich, Cruyff's career has never recovered.

Nor has his form.

In 1974-75 Barcelona floundered in the Champions' Cup semi-finals against Leeds for three crucial reasons.

First, the defence had 'peaked'. Sadurni, Rife, Torres, Gallego — the bastion behind which Cruyff had built his castle — all went over the hill together . . . and quickly.

Consolation

Secondly, the signing of Johan Neeskens meant that Hugo Sotil had to spend a year in quarantine, becoming a naturalised Spaniard, before he could play again.

Neeskens took a year to settle, but magnificently as he plays now, that can be no consolation for the loss of the Peruvian's penalty box incision during those vital nine months.

Thirdly, Cruyff and Michels — who had worked so well together for Ajax and Holland — started getting on each other's nerves. The upshot was that Michels's contract was not renewed.

We all thought that the new boss would be a Cruyff-inspired choice. But no. Montal wanted more than just another big name. He wanted a man capable of rebuilding the CFB squad and — as far as that went — the appointment on a two-year contract of Weisweiler was not necessarily such a bad choice.

After all, he had been conspicuously successful building Borussia Moenchengladbach from nobodies into potential European champions, with particular emphasis on the club's own youngsters.

Weisweiler set about earning his £100,000-a-year transforming Barcelona the same way. Or trying to. His first trips to Spain were packed with visits to see the nursery teams and quickly he was promoting young men like full back Coromina and wingers Mir and Fortes — an international already.

He's never been a man impressed by so-called stars and right from the start it was clear that Barcelona's much-vaunted South Americans were on the way out. Weisweiler had been in Spain only a week or so when Argentinian midfielder Bernardo Cos was sold; Brazilian World Cup defender Mario Marinho has gone home to Internacional of Porto Alegre; Argentina's Juan Carlos Heredia appears rarely and even then only as substitute. And Sotil has had no end of problems.

Suspensions

CFB expected great things of the returning Peruvian this term, but Weisweiler soon dropped him, complaining that he wasn't working hard enough in matches or training. Disciplinary indiscretions landed Sotil with a series of fines and club suspensions and now he's got the message. He wants to buy a large holding in his original club, Deportivo Municipal of Lima, and go home as soon as possible.

Ironically, of course, while Weisweiler has been unloading South Americans, a pair of Brazilians — Luis Pereira and Leivinha — have proved the making of Atletico Madrid.

But Weisweiler perhaps forgot that his work at Moenchengladbach took ten years. With the best will in the world he couldn't achieve all that in a few months in Spain. Perhaps he felt the pressure from above for total success. Even the older players were not immune from the revolution. Marcial, a classy midfielder or striker, was turned into a sweeper and then, when it was clear he was being used out of position, was left out altogether. That fine winger Carlos Rexach was another who didn't see eye-to-eye with Weisweiler.

And then there was Cruyff.

The thunder started rolling, I gather, before Christmas when Cruyff had an interview with Montal. Cruyff, 29 on April 25, had once said he intended retiring before the 1978 World Cup, but his talks with Montal left the CFB president in no doubt that Cruyff would be happy to stay . . . as long, obviously, as Barcelona made it worth his while.

Perhaps even for another three years.

It was then that Cruyff warned Montal of the gathering storm. He claimed that Weisweiler's methods were upsetting the team; that though he may have been a magnificent manager in the West German context, he didn't understand the different approach demanded in Spain.

(Günter Netzer, also ex-Borussia, had similar problems adjusting to the Spanish football mentality when he first arrived in Madrid.)

Late in January Juventus made their abortive attempt to open talks with Cruyff — an initiative soon scotched by the Italian league's refusal to open the frontiers. But, if nothing else, that brought into prominence the fact that for the next few months Barcelona would be in turmoil until Cruyff's future was decided.

Montal, happy with the Cruyff deal, even though the principal figure had never quite matched the form of that first season, was optimistic.

"Cruyff was a big investment, but we've long since got our money back. Thanks to him we sold 30,000 more season tickets and reached the top in Spain and Europe. I think his wife could be a big influence on him staying."

Low tax

Danny, of course, is the daughter of Cruyff's manager, Cor Coster, and clearly there were lots of reasons why the whole family should want to stay — the cash, the low tax rate, his villa and Maserati both provided by the club.

A few days after Juventus came to town, Barcelona went to Salamanca for a league game and the unrest burst into the open with Cruyff admitting on TV on the eve of the game that he was unhappy about his role on the field.

"In the first two years at Barcelona everything went without a hitch," he confided to close friends. "Now, it's all changed."

Cruyff was very quiet in the 2-0 defeat which followed, but thanks to Atletico Madrid's defeat at Gijon, they were still only three points from the leaders.

In desperation someone even suggested that Weisweiler might treat Cruyff as Helenio Herrera once did Ladislao Kubala — playing him in home matches and leaving him out away! Cruyff wanted to play an attacking game out of midfield. That was the way Weisweiler wanted him to play. But Cruyff felt it wasn't possible to play that way under the overall Weisweiler system.

ace crisis with Weisweiler

Report by Keir Radnedge

And, just as the first rumours reached my ears that Didi would move from Fluminense at the end of the season to take over, so Cruyff repeated his attack on Weisweiler. Cruyff said he wasn't quarrelling with the attacking tactics, it was the defensive set-up he didn't like because it meant him playing deep so much — particularly in away games, and particularly as insurance when Marcial was sweeper.

"I've no personal argument with Weisweiler," he insisted belatedly — but there was more trouble the following Sunday. Barcelona, home to Bilbao, were welcomed by a long shrill whistle from their own fans. Juan Manuel Asensi got an early goal, and then Neeskens missed a 72nd minute penalty — his first miss in three years. Twelve minutes later CFB were awarded another spot kick.

Furious

Weisweiler shouted to Cruyff: "Neeskens is too edgy — you take it."

Cruyff ignored him, turned to Neeskens and said: "Don't worry about it — just get on with scoring."

Neeskens did so. But that wasn't the end of the matter. Weisweiler, naturally enough, was furious at the snub. And Neeskens warned: "I don't want to take another penalty for Barcelona. The manager clearly has no confidence in me."

It needed all Weisweiler's powers of diplomacy to calm him before Barcelona walked into more trouble. This time in Seville. Neeskens was in tremendous form and so was Miguel — one of Weisweiler's favourites — and that was a good job otherwise CFB would have gone down very heavily. Cruyff was hardly seen. Once he went eight minutes without touching the ball!

Then, after 66 minutes, he had an incredible aberration. Sevilla's Lora was wandering back upfield, yards offside, when Cruyff hit the ball to his feet. It was no problem to turn and make the score 2-0!

Three minutes later Weisweiler substituted Cruyff with young Fortes.

"In eight years that's the first time this has happened to me," stormed the Dutchman. "Weisweiler needs a scapegoat, so he picks on me. You know something? He talks to you journalists more than he does with the players. Can you wonder that we have no system, no organisation? I read that he says I don't want to play up front — yet it's Weisweiler who's forcing me to play in midfield."

Followers of Barcelona demonstrate outside the club's headquarters in support of Johan Cruyff who is in dispute with the coach, Weisweiler.

"I took Cruyff off because he was playing badly," said Weisweiler, and a day or two later received a statement of support from the board. That, of course, is generally the first sign of the knives going in.

Cruyff was certainly being honest later when he said: "I can't get on with Weisweiler. What a pity Michels left. I think that this season, with Michels, with Sotil back, we could have been champions."

Then why did Michels go?

Well, as we've seen, he and Cruyff did have their differences. But, on the other hand, Michels allowed Cruyff much more freedom, frequent trips to Holland, and his own choice on where and how he played. Montal hinted that this was one of the reasons Michels had to go. The main one, however, don't mistake it, was that someone had to pay with his head for failure in the Champions' Cup.

Weisweiler thus far had stayed cool and kept his thoughts to himself. Now he could stand it no longer.

"The other players know perfectly well the kind of game Cruyff plays in away matches. You ask them. I'm a man with a great deal of patience and I've talked to Cruyff, tried to get through to him, countless times. In the stadium, during *retiros*, on away trips . . . I don't think that the trouble is any backlash from last season. After all, Michels isn't a bad trainer. But I have come to Barcelona to transform the team. Cruyff is a tremendous player, but right now he only shows it in home games. I want him, both home and away, to be coming forward into attack out of midfield. What happens is that it works well at home, but in away games he never gets near the opponents' penalty box. At home Cruyff has three strikers to help him. Away this just isn't possible.

"In Seville he played terribly. He is the director of our attack and if he can't make it into the penalty area we're hardly likely to create many goals. Away, I agree, the work is more difficult, but Cruyff, with his acceleration, should be the ideal man to lead our counter-attacks. His example should be that of a true leader — but no, because sometimes he's lazy, Cruyff lets us down."

Weisweiler had said before Sevilla: "If we lose here, then it's *adios*." But did he mean merely that CFB would be out of the title race, or that he would pack his bags?

Whatever it was, Cruyff's invective continued — this time in annoyance at Weisweiler's idea of the role of a captain.

"You, just like the others," Weisweiler had told him, "must stick to the tactical plan I lay down before a game. It's not up to you to vary my instructions out on the pitch. You just concentrate on your own game and let your team-mates get on with theirs. If you all play as I want, then we'll win all our matches."

No one was surprised when Cruyff announced that he wanted to leave Barcelona, if possible, straight away.

The situation was clearly way out of hand. That was when, much too late,

● *Continued overleaf*

CRUYFF AND HIS MONEY

JOHAN CRUYFF, three times European Footballer of the Year, won't be coming to play in Britain. For one thing he doesn't fancy British club discipline, for another we couldn't afford him.

Let's look at the figures.

Cruyff left Ajax — until then his only club — in 1973, turning his back on a £60,000 Amsterdam home and a contract agreed only the year before and reputed to be worth £275,000 a year *plus* a £100,000 lump sum on retirement *plus* a pension.

One of the major attractions of Spain was the comparatively low rate of tax. Manager Cor Coster forecast that in three years in Spain Cruyff could earn between £2 and £3 million.

Cruyff's share of the £922,000 transfer fee was about £400,000 and he was guaranteed £246,000 earnings over three years. The basis for this is a monthly salary of "only" £1,160 which includes bonus for wins and goals which vary according to the competition and the opposition.

It is estimated that his average annual earnings solely from playing football in Spain top £100,000. But he also receives free housing plus extra fees for playing for Holland.

In his first week in Barcelona Cruyff earned at least £9,000 for interviews and endorsements. He has charged up to £300 for interviews about his private life, his family, his home.

By the end of 1974, when Cruyff had led Barcelona to the championship and Holland to the World Cup Final, he had long-term contracts for £50,000-a-year with a sportswear firm and £20,000 a year (now terminated) with a household goods corporation. In addition, general publicity, endorsements and interviews bring in an estimated £220,000-a-year.

Cruyff really is a £100-a-minute footballer.

Yet Barcelona reckon they have long since got their money back — basically because Cruyff took them to the championship and then the semi-finals of the Champions' Cup with all that means in terms of big gates and receipts.

A series of friendlies soon after his transfer also brought in a lot of the fee. Cruyff's first match was a 6-0 win v Cercle Bruges. He scored two and made three and a 90,000 capacity crowd paid between £1.50 and £5.60 a ticket to see him. Total takings: £152,000. Estimated profit: £136,000.

Barcelona could also charge up to £25,000 plus expenses for friendlies abroad.

Montal made his peace bid, calling in Cruyff and Weisweiler for a crisis conference.

As Montal and Weisweiler told the story afterwards, the antagonists shook hands at the end of the meeting and promised to work together as good boys for the rest of the season.

"I've nothing personal against Cruyff — it's just that I have a job to do," said Weisweiler.

But Cruyff, when asked if he had made his peace, replied: "No. Why should I?"

Well, the two of you shook hands didn't you? "If I shook hands, it was only out of good manners."

There was now some question whether Cruyff would be picked for the following week's visit to Granada, but, meanwhile, a new element entered the reckoning when thousands of irate fans besieged the stadium and offices armed with placards calling for the dismissal of Weisweiler.

Cruyff, far more at ease now with the fans than when he first arrived, was both surprised — and delighted.

"These fans have to be the best in the world," he said. "Right up until June

● *Continued from page 43*

30 when my contract ends I'll do everything I can, give everything I've got for them. After all, I do love Barcelona, the sun, the people. Ideally of course, I'd like to stay here for ever."

Cruyff was certainly ready to play at Granada, but it wasn't until after Neeskens put his foot down, that it was assured.

So far Neeskens had sensibly tried to steer clear of the affair, pointing out that he's under contract until 1977 and would happily stay whether Cruyff left or not.

And would Cruyff leave, he was asked — "I've no idea. I know that he is very happy in Barcelona, but I don't know whether he will stay. That's his decision. What I do know is that while he is fit he must play. Weisweiler says so too."

Have you any quarrel with Weisweiler? "No, none."

Barcelona won 2-0 in Granada, Cruyff had a fair game, nothing brilliant. But Weisweiler was adding fuel to the fire when he went round the dressing room afterwards congratulating all the players . . . except Cruyff.

A few days later, as Barcelona prepared to take on Atletico Madrid in Nou Camp (a game they won 2-1), Cor Coster flew in just as Weisweiler was about to launch another broadside. Coster had mildly hinted to a reporter that perhaps it wasn't so surprising that a Dutchman and a German might find working together just a little difficult.

Weisweiler countered: "Well, let me say something to contradict that idea. Four years ago Cruyff came to ask me to move to Ajax; and three years ago so did the president, van Praag!"

When did your first disagreement with Cruyff come? "The UEFA Cup tie we played against Paok in Greece. I wanted us to go for victory and Cruyff preferred to play for a draw."

Not surprisingly, the other Barcelona players have been keeping their thoughts to themselves. I would only refer you to a phrase Marcial threw out recently: "Cruyff is a great player. He knows what he's doing."

Fair enough. But it seems a shame there has to be so much bitterness.

Estudiantes back on the cup trail . . .

by ERIC WEIL

ESTUDIANTES de La Plata are back in the Libertadores Cup, as one of Argentina's representatives, after an absence of five years — not long enough to forget their ruthless play which gave the country a bad name as their success shot them into world prominence.

It is the La Plata club's fifth Cup campaign and their record is tops as they won the trophy three years running (1968, 1969, 1970) and only lost in the final of the following year.

Estudiantes shot to prominence in 1967 when they became the first "small" club to win the Argentine First Division which had been dominated by five big clubs since the start of professional soccer in 1931. They never looked back, but their entire campaign was tarnished by ruthless soccer which shocked people at home and abroad — and even many of their own fans in spite of their success.

Under coach Osvaldo Zubeldia, they became the inventors of "anti- football", of knocking rivals off their rhythm and "freezing" a match by vicious fouling, feigning injury, arguing with opponents and officials, shirt tugging, spitting at and goading rivals into retaliation (which invariably got the latter sent off) and all the other methods of time wasting in the, and not in the book.

Good soccer

They never had the star players to become a great team. Yet they could play good soccer, which they showed only in flashes, mainly with ingenious "blackboard" moves which caught rivals off balance and gave them the vital advantage which was just enough to win.

A string of 1-0 victories, a series of 36 matches in 21 months without defeat at one time, not earned precisely by playing the best of soccer, took them along on the crest of a wave.

Perhaps the blackest of their many black days was October 22, 1969, when they beat Milan (Italy) 2-1 in the Intercontinental Cup, but lost it on a 3-0 first leg defeat after having won it the previous year against Manchester United.

It was a brutal match in which, apart from many ugly incidents, a Milan player was sent to hospital. Several Estudiantes players ended up in jail and with long suspensions, as they deserved.

Now Estudiantes are back, still using the same styles, but with much less ruthlessness, with two players left from their Cup winning days (Pachame and Pagnanini) and a third (Bilardo) now their coach.

This, and their record alone make them strong candidates, but they have a comparatively small playing staff, specially compared to Argentine champions, River Plate, whom they must beat for first place in group one to advance further . . . but of five league meetings in 1975, Estudiantes won three, drew one and lost one.

Yet Argentine soccer owes a debt to Estudiantes. The La Plata team may not have been the first to do it (Racing used some of the same tactics in winning the 1967 Libertadores Cup and Intercontinental Cup against Glasgow Celtic), but their continual success brought it home for the first time that hard work (at which Estudiantes excelled during training and play) can be a good substitute for skill and that organised planning and certain tactics can beat individual artistry of which they are so fond in Argentina.

Six years later the World Cup proved it. Argentine soccer hasn't quite learned the lesson. Perhaps Estudiantes can show them again this year.

For the record: Estudiantes have played 31 matches in the Libertadores Cup, winning 22, drawing three and losing six, with a 44-20 goals record.

Extra time

Nevertheless, River Plate must be favourites to win this group, if not the Cup. They reached the final in 1966 when, in a never to be forgotten play-off against Peñarol they let a 2-0 lead slip away and then lost 4-2 in extra time. River Plate had two Uruguayan players in the team that day (Matosas and Cubillas) and they were blamed for "giving up".

The other two teams in group one are Venezuela's Deportivo Portuguesa and Deportivo Galicia who are not expected to be serious rivals. A look at their list of players registered for the Cup confirms that, although soccer is becoming quite popular in Venezuela, the professional game is still "largely imported". Galicia have registered three Argentines, two from Paraguay, Uruguay and Spain and one each from Costa Rica and Brazil among their 20, while Portuguesa's 18 include four Argentines, three Paraguayans, three Uruguayans and one Peruvian.

The line-up in other groups for this seventeenth edition of the Cup first played in 1960 (when Peñarol (Uruguay) won it), is:

Group 2: Bolivar and Guabira (Bolivia), Liga Deportiva Universitaria and Deportivo Cuenca (Ecuador). Group 3: Cruzeiro de Bello Horizonte and Internacional de Porto Alegre (Brazil), Olimpia and Sportivo Luqueño (Paraguay). Group 4: Independiente Santa Fe and Millionarios (Columbia) and Peru's champions and vice-champions (tournament unfinished at press time). Group 5: Peñarol and Nacional (Uruguay), Union Española and Palestino (Chile). (Teams in each group meet each other home and away).

Five of these clubs — Internacional, Guabira, Luqueño, Cuenca and Palestino — make their appearance in the Cup for the first time, while another newcomer is likely from Peru.

Peñarol (Uruguay), who have played in 16 of the 17 tournaments and have won the Cup three times, will be doing it for the first time with an all-Uruguayan team, partly due to the lack of cash and the ban on the signing of foreign players in Uruguay. Nacional, Cup winners in 1971, return after a doping "scandal" almost put them out (see League Scene), but the Uruguayan FA allowed the result, with which they qualified, to stand.

Qualification

Another team who just made it to represent Venezuela for the second year running were Deportivo Galicia. Estudiantes de Merida beat them for second place on goal average, but Galicia successfully claimed that goals should not decide qualification and won a play off 2-0.

The system is the same as last year. The five group winners go into two semi-final groups of three (with Cup holders Independiente of Argentina) and the two group winners then play finals.

At this stage Independiente, who have won the Cup more than any other club — six times and for the last four years running — do not look like retaining it. They have dispensed with some experienced players (goalkeeper Perez, defender Sá, forwards Balbuena and Buiz Moreno), have not found adequate replacements . . . and they started the season without a coach.

EURO-REVIEW

Benfica 0
Bayern 0
HT: 0-0. Att: 71,000

The young Portuguese did most of the attacking without making a lot of chances. Jordao, linked again this spring with Real Madrid, had very few openings, but World Cup goalkeeper Sepp Maier was called to spectacular saves by Victor Baptista and Nene in the second half.

Slowly, Benfica tired, and in the last 21 minutes the West German holders, inspired as ever by the incisive passes of skipper Franz Beckenbauer, started moving forward, putting goalkeeper Jose Henrique through the hoop. One booking from Scottish referee John Gordon — for Jupp Kapellmann after a foul on Barros.

Borussia MG 2
(Jensen 2, Wittkamp 27)
Real Madrid 2
(Roberto Martinez 44, Pirri 61)
HT: 2-1. Att. 69,000

What a return for ex-Borussia star Günter Netzer! A tremendous draw for six-times holders Madrid, even though they made the worst possible start, conceding a goal to Danish star Henning Jensen after one minute 40 seconds — a close-range shot which gave Miguel Angel no chance.

The Germans did all the forcing, and after 27 minutes Wittkamp headed a corner past Gregorio Benito, against a post, and into the net. Then, while the Germans expected to coast a little, Madrid fought back surprisingly and Roberto Martinez's goal, just before the interval, couldn't have been better timed. A good goal too, as he leapt above Wolfgang Kleff to nod in a centre from the left.

Though the Germans came forward again after the break, the only second half goal was scored by Real sweeper Pirri, racing through for a 25 yard drive just after the hour. Borussia kept going relentlessly and Madrid weren't too careful about how they defended.

Juan Sol and Manolo Velazquez were both booked by Belgian referee Francis Rion and the Germans had two penalty appeals refused. Miguel Angel performed wonders in goal — particularly in keeping out an 84th-minute snap shot from Borussia's best player, Wittkamp.

Dynamo Kiev 2
(Konkov 23, Blokhin 53)
St-Etienne 0
HT: 1-0. Att: 35,000

This match, played in Simferopol in the Crimea because of weather conditions in the Ukraine, saw Kiev playing their first competitive match of the year — one month before the new Russian season begins.

Several hundred Frenchmen had made the trip, only to see Anatoly Konkov put the Russian national team ahead after 23 minutes. St-Etienne, not discouraged, weren't beyond some attacks themselves, and Yevgeni Rudakov was called into action several times before the interval.

Then, in the 53rd minute, European footballer of the year Oleg Blokhin showed just why he won the award, picking up a free kick rebound to slam a fine drive past Ivan Curkovic. Again the French fought back, and Kiev had full back Matvienko booked by Welsh referee Clive Thomas for a foul on sellike winger Dominique Rocheteau.

Hajduk Split 2
(Mijac 9, Surjak 29)
PSV Eindhoven 0
HT: 2-0. Att: 30,000

An ideal start for the exciting, if unpredictable, Yugoslavs. After just nine minutes centre forward Borisov Djordjevic set up a headed goal for counter-attacking stopper Zeljko Mijac.

Twice then, the Dutch could have equalised. First Swedish star Ralf Edstroem was just too late to reach a low cross and then he had a goal dubiously disallowed for offside. A minute later speedy Slavissa Zungul set up a second Hajduk goal for Ivica Surjak.

In the second half Rizah Meskovic produced several good saves to keep Hajduk ahead. But he was lucky in the 75th minute, when Willie van der Kerkhoff fired wide with only the goalkeeper to beat.

CUP-WINNERS' CUP
Anderlecht 1
(van Binst 10)
Wrexham 0
HT: 1-0. Att: 30,000

A triumph for the little Welsh third division side. Their effort wasn't just restricted to defence either. In the first minute Jan Ruiter had to punch away a Mel Sutton drive, and then Stuart Lee missed badly with the goalkeeper on his hands and knees.

The Belgian goal was created for Gilbert van Binst — an international full back playing centre forward — when Arie Haan relayed on a Francois van der Elst free kick. Gareth Davies was booked by Yugoslav referee Marjan Raus for a foul on van Binst as Wrexham held out.

Celtic 1
(Dalglish 40)
Sachsenring Zwickau 1
(Blank 88)
HT: 1-0. Att: 46,000

Trouble for Celtic. First Bobby Lennox missed a penalty after 23 minutes, then they allowed Ludwig Blank to sneak away for a late, late equaliser.

The Lennox miss — or Jürgen Croy penalty save, depending which side you're on — came after a foul on Dalglish, whose later goal proved little consolation. Celtic won 19 corners — to little effect.

Den Haag 4
(Mansveld 12, 16 pen, 40 pen, Schoenmaker 43)
West Ham 2
(Jennings 50, 58)
HT: 4-0. Att: 26,000

Trouble for Rudi Glöckner, the East German 1970 World Cup Final referee. The game was interrupted from time to time by trouble in the crowd, but that didn't upset the Dutch, who went racing ahead with three goals from skipper and sweeper Aad Mansveld — two from penalties.

The first penalty was hotly contested by West Ham, who claimed Mick McGiven chested the ball down, rather than handled. Team manager John Lyall, kept in his hotel bed by flu, watched on TV and said the playback proved otherwise.

The second penalty was also controversial — West Ham claiming that Kevin Lock tripped Simon van Vliet outside the box. Billy Bonds and Keith Robson were booked and Lex Schoenmaker, former Feyenoord star, raced away for the fourth after a dropped ball mix-up.

West Ham fought back defiantly in the second half with two goals by Billy Jennings, both created by Graham Paddon, who could have had another but for poor timing when Ton Thie only parried a free kick. "We can do much better than this," promised Den Haag coach Vujadin Boskov, who takes over at Feyenoord this summer.

Sturm Graz 0
Eintracht Frankfurt 2
(Hölzenbein 73, Wenzel 87)
HT: 0-0. Att: 12,000

Eintracht stepped firmly towards the semi-finals with two late goals to emphasise their superior class.

Sturm skipper Manfred Steiner's efforts were all to no avail as Jürgen Grabowski took over in midfield.

UEFA CUP
Barcelona 4
(Neeskens 38 pen, Marcial 44, Asensi 80, Heredia 89)
Levsky-Spartak Sofia 0
HT: 2-0. Att: 60,000

Whatever problems CFB may have, they forgot them long enough to thrash the out-of-practice Bulgarians.

Johan Neeskens got the first from a penalty, but it might have been a different tale had not Marcial — sent off in a domestic Cup game seven days before — snatched a vital second at the right psychological moment, just before the interval.

FC Brugge 2
(Lefevre 4, Krieger 71)
AC Milan 0
HT: 1-0. Att: 27,500

A great start for the Belgian league leaders, with a Cools-Lambert move setting up a quick goal for Denmark's Ulrich Lefevre.

But the Italians were unfortunate to have an equaliser disallowed. Luciano Chiarugi curled a corner kick past Birger Jensen, only for French referee Rene Vigliani to disallow the goal because he had just blown for half-time. As the game went on, so Milan became tougher, and skipper Romeo Benetti was booked for a foul.

So was Maldera and de Cubber and then the Belgians were extremely annoyed when Roger van Gool was awarded only an indirect free kick when felled in the penalty box. Finally, in the 71st minute, a free kick after a foul on Raul Lambert led to a second goal by the Austrian international Krieger. Gianni Rivera, substituted ten minutes from time, said: "I knew it would be hard, but not this difficult." Lambert thought: "It was easier than we expected."

Dynamo Dresden 0
Liverpool 0
HT: 0-0. Att: 33,000

Dynamo, without suspended Hans Dörner and Hans-Jürgen Kreische, wasted their best opportunity when Peter Kotte hit his 51st-minute penalty

too near England goalkeeper Ray Clemence.

Phil Thompson headed against the bar as Liverpool pushed up late in the game, but just to even up the luck, Hartmut Schade had a last-minute shot deflected off the post.

Hamburg 1
(Bertl 11)
Stal Mielec 1
(Oratowski 46)
HT: 1-0. Att: 40,000

Another missed penalty — and this time it could be far more vital. The culprit was former West German international Georg Volkert, seven minutes from time.

Zygmunt Kulka saved well before the bitterly unhappy Volksparkstadion crowd to make Stal — particularly with their away goal — favourites to spring a quarter final surprise.

Quarter-finals — second legs
CHAMPIONS' CUP
Bayern 5
(Dürnberger 50, 55, Rummenigge 68, Müller 73, 83)
Benfica 1
(Barros 70)
HT: 0-0. Att: 74,500
Bayern 5-1 on agg.

Trainer Dettmar Cramer had been hinting, in his low-key way, that with Gerd Müller and Uli Hoeness back this spring, having overcome their injury problems, Bayern would look more their old selves.

That was certainly true for the holders against Benfica, with Müller in killing form. But it wasn't until five minutes after half-time that Bernd Dürnberger, doubtful until shortly before the start, hit in a pass from Franz Beckenbauer. Five minutes later he headed in a Müller cross, and then Rummenigge hit a third after a lucky rebound from defender Messias.

Barros headed in a consolation goal for Benfica, but Müller concluded the triumph with two typical goals: first he cracked in a pass from Hoeness, then finished off an attack inspired by Dürnberger. This Bayern looked much more likely to achieve the Champions' Cup hat-trick than the shadowy, insipid team of last year.

PSV Eindhoven 3
(Dahlqvist 61, Lubse 70, van der Kuylen 103)
Hajduk Split 0
HT: 0-0. 90 mins: 2-0. Att: 20,000 (capacity)
PSV 3-2 on agg.

Just as last season, before St-Etienne, Hajduk crumbled in the away leg. Again it took a second-half rally, however, to sink them.

Peter Dahlqvist hit the first, low to Rizav Meskovic's right, and Harry Lubse hit his aggregate leveller when he headed home after a Slav defender deflected a centre against the bar. It wasn't a good night for Meskovic. In the 13th minute (!) of extra time Willy van der Kuylen squeezed the ball though his legs in a goalmouth scramble to put the Philips club into the semi-finals for the first time.

Real Madrid 1
(Santillana 51)
Borussia MG 1
(Heynckes 25)
HT: 0-1. Att: 125,000
Real Madrid on away goals — agg 3-3.

A Spanish receipts record of £248,000 was recorded for a game Madrid then had the utmost difficulty holding on to. Miljan Miljanic had warned his men that Borussia are highly dangerous away from home, and it seemed this had little effect when Jupp Heynckes headed in Stielicke's cross after only 25 minutes.

By then Madrid had already hit one snag — losing the injured Paul Breitner in the 16th minute. The match became a little too tough for comfort — referee van der Kroft booked Vogts, Danner and Stielike in the first half — but the nearest Madrid came was a 42nd-minute shot from Manolo Velazquez which was just too high.

Finally, six minutes after the break, Amancio took a free kick out on the left and Santillana again proved the West Germans' fallibility in the air, by heading past Kleff. Borussia had late goals by Henning Jensen and Jürgen Wittkamp disallowed for — respectively — offside and a foul, and Madrid had squeaked through in their bid for a seventh title.

St-Etienne 3
(H. Revelli 64, Larque 72, Rocheteau 115)
Dynamo Kiev 0
HT: 0-0. 90 mins: 2-0. Att: 37,737
St-Etienne 3-2 on agg.

A wonderful night for the French champions, reaching the semi-finals for the second successive year and putting out the favourites and Cup-winners' Cup holders to do so.

A magnificent triumph for coach Roby Herbin, even if it wasn't achieved until extra time. The Russians were at full strength — Oleg Blokhin and all — but perhaps they paid for the Russian close-season and the lack of competitive matches recently. Still, it wasn't until Jean-Michel Larque cracked in his cannonball free kick to level the aggregates that the French seemed to dare believe in themselves.

In extra time Kiev looked initially the stronger and Ivan Curkovic was hard put to it to keep them at bay. But as their efforts foundered, so, late in the second period, Patrick Revelli eluded four defenders to give Dominique Rocheteau — who passed a fitness test just before the game—the chance to put St-Etienne into the last four. Who says now they can't win?

CUP-WINNERS' CUP
Eintracht Frankfurt 1
(Hölzenbein 84)
Sturm Graz 0
HT: 0-0. Att: 18,000
Eintracht 3-0 on agg.

No problems for Eintracht Frankfurt, despite hammering away at the Austrian defence for the length of the match.

With a 2-0 lead from the first leg, perhaps they didn't quite put their heart and soul into it — certainly Jürgen Grabowski and Bernd Hölzenbein stepped aside a little from the hard tackling. Zanut and Jurtin of Graz were both booked, but goalkeeper Muftic did his side proud until four minutes from time when he dropped a cross at Hölzenbein's feet.

Sachsenring Zwickau 1
(Blank 4)
Celtic 0
HT: 1-0. Att: 40,000
Sachsenring 2-1 on agg.

Celtic had problems before the start. Their last two League games had been called off because of flu, and they went to East Germany missing Dixie Deans, who had a thigh injury.

Once there Bobby Lennox and Andy Lynch went down with flu, and team spirit was low enough before Ludwig Blank put Sachsenring ahead on aggregate. Celtic fought back strongly, and Roddie McDonald wasted a couple of chances before heading in four minutes from time.

Spanish referee Franco Martinez penalised him however for fouling World Cup goalkeeper, Jürgen Croy, Sachsenring's skipper, and that was the end for Celtic.

West Ham 3
(A. Taylor 26, Lampard 33, Bonds 35 pen)
Den Haag 1
(Shoenmaker 59)
HT: 3-0. Att: 29,829
West Ham on away goals — 5-5 agg.

Den Haag manager Juladin Boskov had been forecasting that it would be a Den Haag-Eintracht Final. West Ham's Ron Greenwood, whose tactical appreciation changed the course of the first leg, came out certain that West Ham would make up for the disaster in Holland.

And Greenwood it was who won the day — thanks to the skill of Trevor Brocking, back in midfield, whose class made the difference, as Boskov admitted.

His long range shot after 26 minutes was only scrambled away so that Alan Taylor could make it 1-0, and Ton Thie was beaten surprisingly shortly after by Frank Lampard's 30-yard snap shot. Taylor was then fouled by Korevaar and Billy Bonds slammed home the penalty. Den Haag pulled off Norwegian Roger Albertsen, who had scored two goals the previous weekend in the league, but the introduction of Leen Swanenberg made little difference.

Lex Schoenmaker pulled a goal back almost on the hour, but the task of getting a second was beyond the Dutch, and West Ham go through to the semi-finals as the only previous winners of this competition surviving.

Wrexham 1
(Lee 61)
Anderlecht 1
(Rensenbrink 77)
HT: 0-0. Att: 19,668
Anderlecht 2-1 on agg.

Anderlecht won't forget Wrexham in a hurry, even though they weren't as hard pushed early on as many had expected.

Still they had skipper van den Daele booked for being a little too hard in his blockade-organisation. Brian Lee, a £13,000 buy from Bolton a few months before, gave Wrexham brief hope when he jabbed in Mel Sutton's cross, and Lee nearly had a second shortly after. A despairing tackle by Francois van der Elst just foiled his bid to convert Brian Tinnion's centre. Anderlecht now started to show their class. Arie Haan and Gilbert van Binst both had chances before Haan and Ludo Coeck set up the chance for Dutch World Cup star Rob Rensenbrink to see Anderlecht through.

UEFA CUP
Levsky-Spartak 5
(Panov 8, 89 pen, Yordanov 10, 87, Spassov 47)
Barcelona 4
(Marcial 38, Asensi 45, Heredia 57, Neeskens 62 pen)
HT: 2-2. Att: 65,000
Barcelona 8-5 on agg.

What an extraordinary state of affairs! Quite like the old days, in fact, with plenty of attractive attacking football and the Bulgarian crowd roaring on

●Continued overleaf

League–Review

WEST GERMANY	Hannover	B.M. Gladbach	Eint Frank	Karlsruhe	Hamburg	Schalke	K'lautern	Offenbach	Bochum	Bremen	Duisburg	Dusseldorf	Hertha	Cologne	R.W. Essen	Verdingen	Bayern	Brunswick
Hannover	—	3–3	3–2	2–0	1–0	1–1	2–0				0–2		2–6	3–3	0–0	3–1		
B.M. Gladbach	2–0	—			1–1		3–0	2–0	1–1	3–0	3–0	1–0			1–2		4–1	0–0
Eintracht Frankfurt		1–1	—	0–2		2–1	1–1	1–0	6–0	2–0	1–1	5–2	1–1			3–1	6–0	
Karlsruhe		2–4	1–0	—		2–2	3–5		2–2	2–0	2–2		3–0	3–1		1–0	1–2	0–2
Hamburg	2–0	0–0	4–2	3–0	—	4–1	2–0	2–0					2–1	2–1	4–1	0–0		
Schalke		2–2	2–4		0–1	—	2–2		1–1	4–2	5–1	2–0		3–1	5–1		2–2	5–1
Kaiserslautern	2–2	0–3			2–0		—	2–2	2–1	4–0	3–0	2–1					2–1	3–1
Offenbach	1–0		2–1	0–0	3–2	1–1	1–4	—	1–0		2–1		2–1		0–4	2–3		
Bochum	2–0	2–0			0–3			5–1	—	0–3		0–1			2–1	3–0	3–1	2–0
Werder Bremen	0–0		1–2	1–0	1–3			3–1	4–1	—		3–0	3–2	3–2	3–3		0–0	0–1
Duisberg	4–3	2–3			1–1	1–3	1–2	6–2	1–1	2–0	—	2–2					1–1	1–0
Fortuna Dusseldorf	3–0		1–1	0–2	1–0			0–0	3–1		1–3	—	2–1	0–0	5–2	2–0	1–1	
Hertha Berlin		3–0		1–1		2–1	3–0		4–1		1–2	2–2	—	2–1		5–0	2–1	1–0
Cologne	2–1	0–4	3–3	1–3	1–1		1–1	4–0	1–0		3–2		2–0	—	3–0			1–1
R.W. Essen	1–0	1–3	4–3	1–0		0–0	5–1	2–2			5–2	2–2	3–1		—	2–1		
Bayer Verdingen		1–1	0–5			3–2	2–2		0–0	2–1	0–4		1–1	1–1	1–1	—	2–1	0–0
Bayern Munich	3–1			2–0	1–0	3–2		3–1		4–0		5–0		1–2	5–1	2–0	—	1–1
Eintracht Brunswick	3–2		2–0		1–0			5–1		3–2		3–1	5–2	0–0	1–1	1–0	1–1	—

FRANCE	Lens	Metz	St-Etienne	Rheims	Marseilles	Avignon	Nice	Sochaux	Lille	Monaco	Bastia	Paris S.G.	Bordeaux	Strasbourg	Nimes	Nantes	Troyes	Lyon	Nancy	Valanciennes
Lens	—	4–1	1–1		2–3	3–1	2–1		2–0	3–0		3–3	3–2		1–1	3–2	1–1	3–1		
Metz		—	1–1	2–4	1–0		2–2	3–1	5–2		4–1	1–2	2–1		4–3	3–0				3–0
St-Etienne	2–0	1–0	—	2–1	1–0		1–1	2–0	3–1		4–2	1–1	5–2	2–1		2–2				2–0
Rheims	4–0			—	3–1	4–1	1–0		2–0	2–2		1–1	0–0	6–0	2–0			3–2	1–1	
Marseille	3–2	2–1	4–2	1–0	—	3–1	2–1			1–0		2–1		1–0	0–1		3–2	2–0	1–1	
Avignon		0–1	1–3			—	1–5	3–1	1–0		1–1	1–1	3–4		1–0		0–1		2–3	1–2
Nice	5–0	4–2		2–1		2–0	—	3–0	2–2	4–1	1–1	2–1	2–0			2–2			2–1	1–0
Sochaux	3–2			1–0	3–0			—	4–3		2–2		2–0	1–1	2–1		2–2	1–0	3–0	3–0
Lille	4–2	1–1	0–0	2–2	4–3	4–0			—	3–3	2–0			3–0	2–1		3–0	2–1	1–2	
Monaco		2–0	0–3			1–0	4–1	0–0		—		3–0	1–1		3–1	4–4	1–1	1–0		3–1
Bastia	0–0			2–0	2–3		1–1		1–1	3–0	—	3–0		2–1	1–1	0–1	3–1		3–0	1–1
Paris S.G.	4–2	3–1	2–1	2–3	2–3	6–2		2–3	2–2			—	2–2			2–1	1–0			2–0
Bordeaux		3–1	1–1	2–3	3–1	2–1		1–2	2–1	3–1	3–0		—	1–1			2–2	3–1	0–0	
Strasbourg	1–1	1–2				4–0	2–2			1–0		1–0		—	0–1	1–1	2–1	5–0	1–5	1–0
Nimes	2–2		2–0	0–3			2–1	0–2		3–2	3–0	2–1	1–2	2–1	—	0–0		2–0		1–0
Nantes				4–1	0–1	4–0		2–2	4–0		1–0		5–1	2–1		—	2–2	2–3	3–0	2–0
Troyes		0–1	0–1	2–1		1–1	2–2	3–0		3–1	0–2			1–1	1–1	0–0	—	3–4	3–0	
Lyon		2–3	0–0			2–0	1–0	1–2		4–1	2–2	2–0		2–1		3–3		—	1–0	1–1
Nancy	3–0	0–0	0–0		4–2	6–0		5–1		3–0		2–4		1–1	1–1	1–1		1–4	—	3–3
Valanciennes	1–1			2–1	1–0			3–0	0–1	5–1	3–1		1–1	2–0		1–1	3–0	0–0		—

their team despite the fact that they started with a four-goal deficit. Those two early goals from Panov and Yordanov certainly helped, but with Johan Cruyff taking cool command, Barcelona steadied and were back on level terms by the interval.

Spassov made it 3-2, Juan Carlos Heredia equalised and Johan Neeskens put CFB ahead with a penalty awarded by English referee Ken Burns.

Still, the Bulgarians wouldn't give up. Yordanov equalised three minutes from time, and a moment or two later Burns awarded a penalty which Pavel Panov converted. Barcelona certainly glossed over their troubles well enough here.

Liverpool 2
(Case 24, Keegan 47)
Dynamo Dresden 1
(Heidler 63)
HT: 1-0. Att: 39,300
Liverpool 2-1 on agg.

Liverpool's largest European crowd for a couple of years looked set for a walkover the way Jimmy Case set out. The 21-year-old, who hit a hat-trick against Slask Wroclaw, rattled the bar in the 22nd minute, then hit a fine goal shortly after.

●*Continued from previous page*

He hit the bar in the second half too, and forced Klaus Boden to a couple of good saves while Kevin Keegan took advantage of this softening-up to add a second from Tommy Smith's cross. Heidler's surprise goal lifted the East Germans, with Hans-Jürgen Kreische back after suspension, and by the end Liverpool were grateful for that Ray Clemence penalty save in East Germany. Otherwise they would have been out on the away goal.

Milan 2
(Chiarugi 31, 65)
Brugge 1
(Sanders 74)
HT: 1-0. Att: 60,000
Brugge 3-2 on agg.

Some team, this Brugge. Beaten the previous Sunday 1-0 by Anderlecht, they looked set for trouble in San Siro, particularly when Luciano Chiarugi hit that second goal to level the tie after 65 minutes.

But the Italians, without the retiring Gianni Rivera and the suspended Romeo Benetti, never looked very happy with life, and it wasn't too much of a shock when Sanders pulled that vital goal back. After that Milan needed two goals in the last quarter of an hour, and that's not the kind of challenge Italian teams are used to.

Stal Mielec 0
Hamburg 1
(Nogly 17)
HT: 0-1. Att: 25,000
Hamburg 2-1 on agg.

A good win for Hamburg, who looked on their way out after the 1-1 draw a fortnight before.

Then, their attacking ideas didn't look very cohesive. This time the defence looked by far the better unit and held up well as the Poles strove in vain to make the last four.

In the February edition, Keir Radnedge tipped his likely semi-finalists:

CORRECT: Bayern through, PSV through; Eintracht through; West Ham through; Liverpool through; Hamburg through; Barcelona through; Anderlecht through.

INCORRECT: Borussia MG out; Kiev out; Celtic out.

NO OPINION DARED: Milan v Brugge.

League-Review

Compiled by CHRIS RHYS

HOLLAND	Den Haag	Twente	Sparta	Ajax	P.S.V.	M.V.V.	Amsterdam	N.A.C.	Utrecht	Feyenoord	De Graafschap	N.E.C.	Roda J.C.	Eindhoven	Excelsior	Telstar	Az 67	Go Ahead
Den Haag	—	0–1		1–3	4–1	1–0	5–1	5–0					2–1		1–0	0–0	3–0	5–1
Twente Enschede	2–0	—		3–0	2–0		3–1	3–0	2–0	2–0	8–0	0–0	3–2	3–1				
Sparta Rotterdam	2–2	1–1	—	1–1	1–0	2–1	2–1	2–1			0–1				0–1		1–1	1–1
Ajax	0–0		2–0	—					5–1	6–0	3–0	6–3	2–1	2–0	2–0	2–1	2–0	
P.S.V. Eindhoven	2–0	3–0	3–0	6–2	—	5–1	3–1						0–0	2–1	6–0		6–1	2–1
M.V.V. Maastricht		2–1		1–1	1–6	—		2–0	3–1	1–1	2–2	2–3			1–0		3–0	1–2
F.C. Amsterdam		1–1		0–2		0–0	—	2–1		1–2	1–0		0–1	3–4	0–0	0–0		6–2
N.A.C. Breda	2–0		1–1		1–1		1–3	—		2–2	1–0	0–2	0–3		0–0		0–2	
Utrecht	2–3	0–1	4–2	1–1	1–3			1–1	—	1–2		0–3		2–2		2–4	1–0	1–4
Feyenoord	4–1	3–0	1–1		1–0	2–0	4–0	4–0	3–1	—		3–3		5–0		3–1		
De Graafschap	2–2		2–2	2–1	2–4	5–1			4–1	0–1	—	2–1		1–1	1–0	5–3		
N.E.C. Nijmegen	2–1		0–0			1–0	1–1	0–0	0–0		0–0	—		0–0		3–1	1–0	3–3
Roda J.C.	1–0	0–0	1–0					3–0	0–0	4–2	3–3		—	1–2	0–1	2–2		
Eindhoven			1–1		1–5	1–0	2–1	2–3		0–0	1–1		0–1	—		0–0	1–3	4–2
Excelsior Rotterdam			0–2	0–2	0–2				0–1	1–4	3–0	0–0	1–2	2–1	—	1–5		
Telstar Velsen	2–2	1–2			0–0	4–0	0–3	2–0	0–1				0–0		2–0	—	1–1	1–1
Az 67 Alkmaar		1–2	2–0	1–1		2–0	2–1				5–1	0–1	3–0		2–0	1–1	—	0–0
Go Ahead Deventer		1–0		1–2		2–3	1–1	0–0	2–2	0–1		0–1	1–1	2–1	0–2		1–1	—

BELGIUM	Louviere	Antwerp	Beerschot	F.C. Bruges	C.S. Bruges	Ostende	Berschem	F.C. Malings	Waregem	Anderlecht	R.W.D.M.	Beringen	Beveren	Standard	F.C. Liege	Lokeren	R.C. Malings	Charleroi	Lierse
La Louviere	—	0–1	0–0	1–1	1–1		0–1	4–4		1–1	1–0	1–1		0–1	2–2	0–3			2–0
Antwerp		—			2–2	0–1	0–0		0–0	0–3	2–1	2–1	0–0	2–4	3–0	2–1	1–0		0–4
Beerschot	6–2	2–5	—	1–1	2–2		4–2	2–1		4–3	1–1	0–0	0–0	2–0	3–1				1–1
F.C. Bruges	3–0	0–1		—	1–0		4–0		0–0	3–2	1–2	3–1	0–0	3–0	2–2		3–2		5–2
C.S. Bruges		1–3		1–5	—	1–2		3–0	0–0		1–1	0–0		1–0	2–1	2–0	0–2	3–0	3–2
Ostende	1–1	0–2	2–2	1–2		—	4–1	4–2	2–2	1–0			0–0	1–1			0–1	2–1	
Berschem		1–1		0–2	2–2	1–1	—			0–1	1–4	1–2		2–2	0–0	1–1	2–0	0–3	0–1
F.C. Malines	2–4	0–0	1–0	0–2	1–3		2–0	—	3–0	2–4	1–1			1–0	1–2				4–1
Waregem	4–0	0–0	2–1	0–3		2–2	3–1	1–1	—	2–0		3–2	2–1	1–0		1–0		9–1	
Anderlecht		1–1			2–2	1–0	3–0			—	3–1	1–0		3–0	4–1	3–2	4–0	2–1	0–1
R.W.D.M.	3–1		1–2		0–0	3–0		2–1	1–0		—	4–0	0–2			3–1	3–0	2–0	0–0
Beringen	1–2		2–1		0–0	2–0	0–3	0–0	0–2			—	1–0		1–1	0–4	1–0	0–2	0–2
Beveren Waas	0–0	5–0	4–0	2–0	2–2		0–0	1–0		2–2	1–0	1–1	—	1–0		2–1		2–0	
Standard Liege					2–1	4–2	0–0		4–1	1–1	2–2	2–1		—	1–1	2–1	0–0	4–3	1–0
F.C. Liege	2–2		4–1	4–2		2–1		0–0	3–2		1–2	4–1	0–0		—	1–2	3–0	3–2	2–2
Lokeren	4–1		3–1	0–2	2–1	3–1	0–0	3–1	1–1	2–0			1–0			—	1–0	4–0	3–1
R.C. Malings	1–0	1–0	1–2	0–2		1–1		1–1	0–5	1–2			0–0	0–3		0–2	—	0–2	
Charleroi	0–0	1–1	0–1	1–1	5–1	0–1	2–0	1–1	1–1	2–2			0–1	1–2			4–1	—	
Lierse		2–0	3–1	2–3		1–1		3–0	2–1		0–0	5–1	2–0		5–2	1–2	4–1	3–0	—

SPAIN	Real Madrid	Santander	Elche	Barcelona	Sevilla	Las Palmas	Valencia	Oviedo	Gijon	Granada	Espanol	Hercules	Real Sociedad	Betis	Salamanca	Ath. Madrid	Ath. Bilbao	Zaragozza
Real Madrid	—	2–0	2–2			2–1	2–0	2–0		4–1	3–1	4–0	1–0	5–0			1–0	3–2
Santander	1–0	—	2–1	2–1	2–1		0–1	2–1	2–0	1–1			2–0	3–0	1–0		1–1	4–1
Elche		5–2	—	2–3		1–1	2–0	1–0		0–0		1–1	1–1	2–2	1–1	3–1		0–0
Barcelona	2–1	2–1	1–0	—	2–0	3–0		2–0	5–1	3–0	5–0	1–1			3–1	2–1	2–1	
Sevilla	1–1		2–1	2–0	—	3–0	3–1		2–1	1–0	2–1		2–1	2–0		1–0	0–0	0–0
Las Palmas	2–2	5–0	0–0		0–1	—	2–4		2–1	1–2	1–1	2–1	2–1				2–2	3–2
Valencia	1–1			3–2	3–0	0–1	—	2–0	0–0		0–0	2–2	3–1	0–1	1–0	0–1		
Oviedo	0–0		4–1	1–1	3–0	1–2	2–1	—	3–1		1–2	1–1			0–1	0–2	4–1	2–0
Gijon	0–2	1–2	1–1			3–0		3–1	—	0–0	6–1	1–3	3–0	5–0		1–0	1–1	
Granada		2–0	3–2	0–2	1–1		2–1	1–0	1–1	—			2–1	0–0	0–0	3–4	2–1	0–0
Espanol	0–1	2–1	2–0		1–0	1–0	1–0			3–0	—	3–1	2–2	2–1			3–1	2–1
Hercules	1–2	2–1	1–0		1–0		2–0		1–1	2–0	2–1	—	0–0	1–1	1–0		2–2	2–0
Real Sociedad	1–1			2–2	4–1	2–0	1–1	0–2	1–0		1–0		—	3–2	1–1	1–1		1–1
Betis	0–2		2–0	1–0		1–0	2–1	2–1	1–0		1–2		1–0	—	1–1	1–3		1–0
Salamanca	0–0	3–0		2–0	1–1	1–0		0–0	1–0	1–1	1–0	0–1		2–0	—	2–2	2–1	
Ath. Madrid	1–0	1–1	3–0	3–0	1–0	2–1			2–2	3–2	3–1	3–0			4–1	—	2–0	2–0
Ath. Bilbao		1–0	0–0	2–1	4–1		5–4	1–0		2–1		1–0	2–0	0–0	1–0	2–0	—	0–0
Zaragozza		2–0		4–4		0–1	0–2	5–1	2–1		4–0	1–0	0–1	1–2	3–0	2–1		—

LEAGUE TABLES

continued from page 7

FRANCE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Bonus Pts	Pts
Nantes	28	11	12	5	56	35	6	40
Sochaux	28	14	7	7	46	38	5	40
St-Etienne	27	13	10	4	42	27	2	38
Nice	28	12	10	6	52	34	4	38
Reims	28	13	6	9	53	37	4	36
Metz	28	13	4	11	51	47	5	35
Valenciennes	28	11	7	10	36	31	4	33
Nancy	28	10	8	10	49	44	5	33
Marseille	28	15	1	11	47	44	0	33
Nimes	27	12	6	9	36	34	1	31
Bastia	27	9	9	9	38	37	3	30
Bordeaux	27	10	9	8	46	45	1	30
Lille	28	10	7	11	44	49	3	30
Lyon	28	10	5	13	42	45	3	28
Lens	28	8	10	10	46	53	2	28
St-Germain	28	9	7	12	47	48	1	26
Troyes	28	5	13	10	36	42	2	25
Strasbourg	27	6	8	13	30	42	2	22
Monaco	27	7	6	14	36	57	2	22
Avignon	28	4	3	21	24	58	0	11

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
PSV Eindhoven	24	17	3	4	67	22	37
Feyenoord	24	16	5	3	54	28	37
Ajax Amsterdam	24	15	6	3	50	23	36
Twente Enschede	24	15	5	4	45	19	35
NEC Nijmegen	24	10	11	3	32	23	31
Den Haag	24	11	5	8	45	30	27
AZ'67 Alkmaar	24	10	6	8	31	27	26
Roda JC Kerkrade	24	8	8	8	29	26	24
De Graafschap	24	7	8	9	36	51	22
Sparta Rotterdam	23	5	11	8	22	29	21
Telstar Velsen	24	5	10	9	33	37	20
EEV Eindhoven	24	6	7	11	27	42	19
Amsterdam	24	5	7	12	29	40	17
GAE Deventer	24	4	9	11	31	47	17
Utrecht	24	5	7	12	26	46	17
NAC Breda	24	5	7	12	18	41	17
MVV Maastricht	24	6	4	14	27	46	16
Excelsior Rotterdam	24	5	3	16	12	37	13

WEST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bor. M'gladbach	25	13	8	4	49	28	34
Hamburger SV	25	13	6	6	42	20	32
Eintr. Braunschweig	24	11	8	5	39	28	30
Bayern	25	11	7	7	48	35	29
Kaiserslautern	25	11	7	7	46	40	29
Eintr. Frankfurt	25	11	6	8	59	38	28
Cologne	25	8	10	7	40	36	26
Rot-Weiss Essen	25	9	8	8	44	51	26
Hertha BSC	24	10	5	9	45	37	25
Karlsruher SC	24	9	6	9	32	32	24
Schalke 04	24	7	9	8	50	43	23
MSV Duisburg	25	8	6	11	42	51	22
Fort. Düsseldorf	25	7	8	10	33	42	22
VfL Bochum	24	8	5	11	31	40	21
Werder Bremen	24	8	4	12	34	42	20
Hannover	25	6	6	13	34	50	18
Kickers Offenbach	25	6	6	12	27	55	18
Bayer Uerdingen	25	4	9	12	20	47	17

POLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
GKS Tychy	19	11	5	3	27	19	27
Ruch Chorzow	19	9	8	2	27	15	26
Stal Mielec	19	8	8	3	29	15	24
Pogon Szczecin	19	9	3	7	32	23	21
Widzew Lodz	19	6	9	4	22	18	21
Wisla Krakow	19	8	5	6	16	15	21
ROW Rybnik	19	8	5	6	21	21	21
Gornik Zabrze	19	7	6	6	25	22	20
Slask Wroclaw	19	8	4	7	28	25	20
Polonia Bytom	19	6	6	7	18	19	18
Legia	19	6	4	9	28	36	16
Lech Poznan	19	6	4	9	25	33	16
Szombierki Bytom	19	6	3	10	22	27	15
Zaglebie Sosnowiec	19	6	2	11	21	29	14
LKS Lodz	19	2	9	8	14	25	13
Stal Rzeszow	19	3	5	11	11	24	11

GREECE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AEK Athens	21	14	7	0	39	9	35
PAOK Saloniki	20	13	6	1	34	10	32
Olympiakos	21	11	7	3	32	18	29
Iannina	21	11	4	6	26	22	26
Ethnikos	21	9	7	5	31	18	25
Aris Saloniki	21	9	7	5	33	20	25
Panathinaikos	21	10	5	6	35	23	25
Iraklis	21	7	7	7	18	21	21
Atromitos Athens*	21	5	10	6	18	21	17
Panachaiki	21	5	7	9	18	25	17
Pierikos	21	3	10	8	16	22	16
Kastoria	21	3	10	8	16	31	16
Apollon Athens	21	3	7	11	16	33	13
Panaitolikos	20	2	8	10	11	28	12
Panionios	21	2	8	11	9	29	12
Panseraikos	21	2	6	13	12	34	10

* Three points deducted

PORTUGAL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Benfica	25	19	4	2	77	16	42
Boavista Porto	25	16	6	3	53	20	38
Sporting	25	14	6	5	47	19	34
Vit. Guimaraes	25	12	9	4	44	21	33
Belenenses	25	13	7	5	36	25	33
Porto	25	13	6	6	61	27	32
Estoril Praia	25	9	5	11	25	40	23
Vit. Setubal	25	7	8	10	35	33	22
Braga	25	7	8	10	25	37	22
Atletico	25	8	4	13	20	41	20
Leixoes	25	7	6	12	27	52	20
CUF Barreiro	25	4	9	12	11	39	17
Beira-Mar	25	5	7	13	21	39	17
Academico	25	5	6	14	26	43	16
Tomar	25	5	6	14	24	53	16
Farense	25	6	3	16	27	54	15

BULGARIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Levsky/Spartak Sofia	17	9	6	2	31	20	24
CSKV SF Sofia	17	9	5	3	29	17	23
Akademik Sofia	17	7	5	5	18	14	19
Thrakia Plovdiv	17	5	9	3	16	14	19
Lokomotiv Plovdiv	17	6	7	4	19	20	19
Slavia Sofia	17	5	7	5	24	22	17
Sliven	17	7	3	7	15	13	17
Pirin Blagevgrad	17	5	7	5	15	14	17
Dunay Russe	17	6	5	6	19	19	17
Botev Vratza	17	8	1	8	24	25	17
ESK Spartak Varna	17	7	2	8	18	18	16
Beroe Stara Zagora	17	4	8	5	19	21	16
Lokomtiv Sofia	17	5	5	7	19	21	15
Minjor Pernik	17	5	5	7	17	23	15
Tscherno-more Varna	17	3	7	7	17	23	13
Spartak Pleven	17	3	2	12	19	35	8

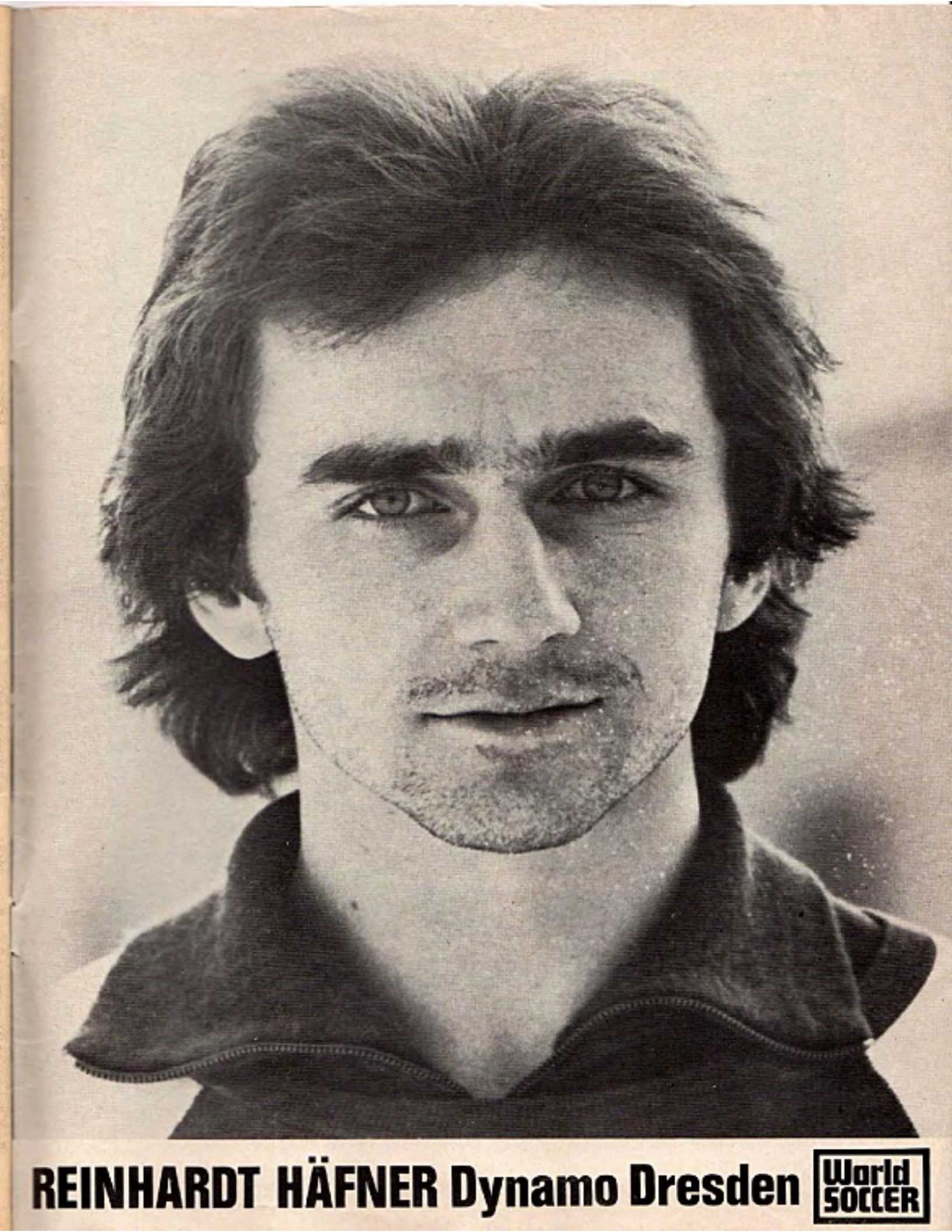
ITALY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Juventus	22	15	5	2	36	18	35
Torino	22	13	6	3	33	15	32
Milan	22	12	6	4	30	13	30
Inter	22	10	8	4	27	19	28
Cesena	22	8	10	4	29	22	26
Napoli	22	9	8	5	27	21	26
Perugia	22	8	8	6	23	20	24
Bologna	22	6	11	5	21	22	23
Fiorentina	22	7	7	8	23	21	21
Roma	22	6	9	7	20	19	21
Lazio	22	5	7	10	23	29	17
Sampdoria	22	4	8	10	10	20	16
Ascoli	22	3	10	9	13	28	16
Verona	22	6	3	13	22	36	15
Como	22	2	8	12	16	27	12
Cagliari	22	1	8	13	12	35	10

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Real Madrid	27	16	7	4	47	20	39
Atletico Madrid	27	16	4	7	52	31	36
Barcelona	27	15	5	7	52	32	35
Athletic Bilbao	27	11	9	7	33	29	31
Hercules Alicante	27	10	17	7	29	28	30
Sevilla	27	12	5	10	30	32	29
Espanol Barcelona	27	13	3	11	35	41	29
Racing Santander	27	12	3	12	36	42	27
Real Betis Sevilla	27	11	5	11	25	39	27
Salamanca	26	8	9	9	22	24	25
Valencia	27	9	6	12	35	36	24
Granada	27	7	10	10	25	37	24
Real Sociedad	26	7	9	10	30	33	23
Las Palmas	27	9	5	13	30	38	23
Real Zaragoza	27	8	6	13	36	33	22
Sporting Gijon	27	8	4	15	36	37	20
Oviedo	27	8	4	15	32	37	20
Elche	27	5	10	12	29	41	20

MORE LEAGUE TABLES NEXT MONTH



REINHARDT HÄFNER Dynamo Dresden

World SOCCER

UNIVERZITATEA CRAIOVA Rumania